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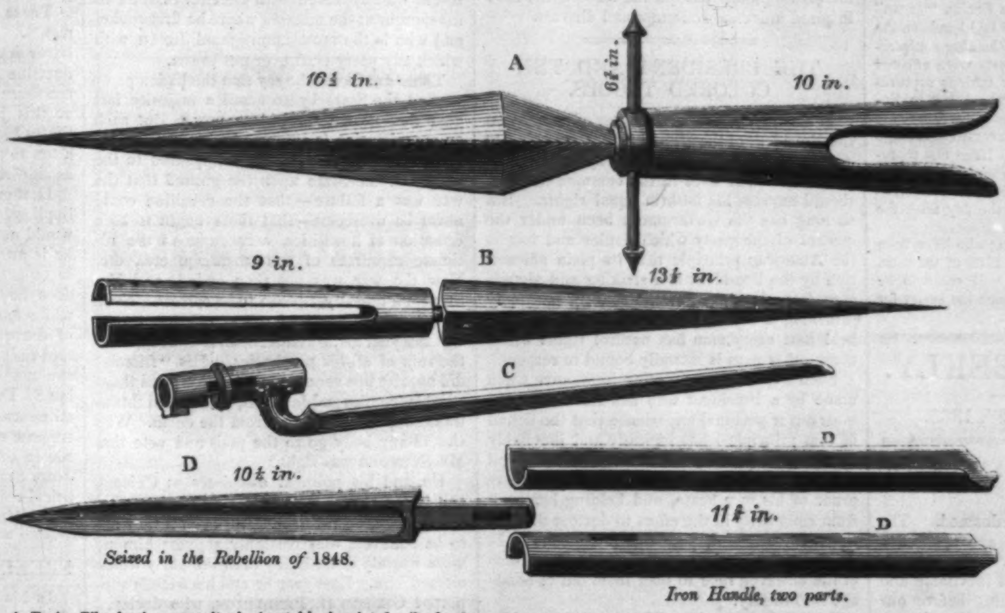
THE FENIANS.

Physicians say of certain periods, that they are characterized by a predisposition toward certain specific forms of disease, and that as soon as the exciting cause offers all the conditions necessary to the existence of the malady are realized. So in certain countries there seems to be always a predisposition toward revolution, which for its full expression only needs some exciting motive from without. Particularly is this the case in Ireland. Let there be unusual tumult any where in the world, and it is sure to be echoed back from Ireland in some outbreak, which is generally as hopeless as to its end as it is ill-advised in its manner and conduct. The American Revolution of the last century was followed by the Irish Rebellion of 1798; and we all know how that rebellion ended, in the triumph of the few but well-disciplined English troops after entire counties of Ireland had been devastated. Again the French Revolution of 1848 was immediately followed by another outbreak. And no sooner is the great Southern rebellion put down in this country than it is repeated on a small scale among the bogs of Ireland by the Order of Fenians. Long ago England assumed of her own motion the responsibility of governing Ireland. Her government has consisted in setting up in that country a Lord-Lieutenant, an established Church, and a landed aristocracy, and in levying taxes upon the Irish for the support of all three. She abrogated the Irish Parliament—but what has she given in its place? She checked the spontaneous growth, which was, Heaven knows! sufficiently unpromising, but has she ingrafted Ireland with any fruit more promising? The consequence of British government has been simply this—that a nation's growth has been checked, and where we ought to find abundant agricultural prosperity we find a boggy waste; and where we ought to find a civilized race of men we find a people uncultured, ignorant, and so poor that when their one harvest—the potato-crop—fails them they must either starve or emigrate. The history of Irish emigration to America tells a sad story of English indifference toward the Irish race.

But we find in this indifference no excuse for Fenianism. The revolt is only a stab at Ireland by Irishmen themselves. Better governed, the Irish would be less ig-


A
16½ in.
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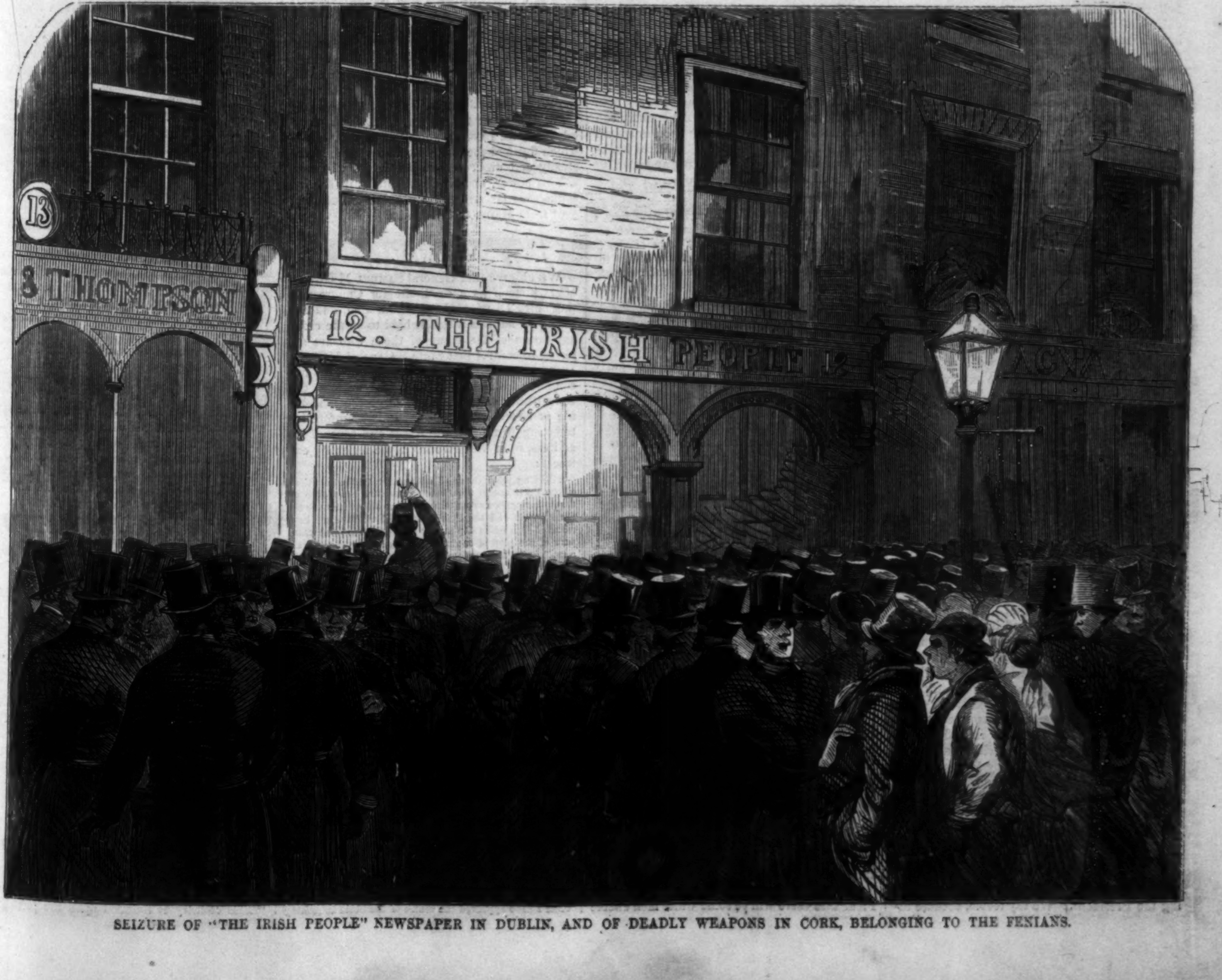
D
Seized in the Rebellion of 1848.
Iron Handle, two parts.

A. Fenian Pike, having across it a horizontal barb-pointed spike for the purpose of catching the bridles of cavalry.—B. Fenian Pike.—C. Common ring bayonet in general use.—D D D is inserted as a sample of the weapon of the former rebellion.



SEIZURE OF "THE IRISH PEOPLE" NEWSPAPER IN DUBLIN, AND OF DEADLY WEAPONS IN CORK, BELONGING TO THE FENIANS.

norant, indeed, than to undertake so hopeless a revolution; but it still remains also true that there is no immediate and present wrong which could be redressed by even a successful revolt. Whatever may be true of the past, certainly to-day the prayer of Ireland should be to be delivered from herself. Her only hope of relief now lies in England. Throw aside the Lord-Lieutenant now and repeal the Union—and in the place of British indifference will come the absolute and positive despotism of the Roman Catholic Church. There is an infinitely nobler and more liberal sentiment toward Ireland in England than there is in the hearts either of the Fenians or of the papists, who find it convenient to denounce Fenianism only because it is not a movement in their own interest.

The Irish are not the most liberal of peoples. They cry out loudly against the tyranny of England; but we have seen here, in the streets of New York, some evidence of the spirit of cruelty which they nourish in their hearts against the downtrodden negroes, whose only crime was that they alike with the Irish desired the liberty of labor and the peaceful enjoyment of the fruits of their labor.

The Fenian movement does not appear to be a very formidable matter. It has been promptly met by the Government. On the 15th of September, without beat of drum, suddenly and effectually, the police broke into the office of the Fenian "organ" in Dublin—the *Irish People*—and laid hands on the persons and papers of a group of leading conspirators. At the same moment arrests were effected in Cork, and since that moment various captures have been made not only in Ireland, but in England.

We publish on our first page several engravings relating to the conspiracy. The large cut represents the seizure of the *Irish People* in Dublin. The other illustrations are of Fenian weapons seized in a blacksmith's shop in Cork, the day after the seizure of the *Irish People*.

The trial of about sixty Fenians who have been seized was to commence on the 25th of October. By Christmas-time the Fenians will cease to be talked of or thought of—and so much the better for Ireland.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 28, 1865.

THE DOOM OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

THE Democratic party is doomed. The Federal party fifty years ago opposed a popular war and disappeared. The Democratic party opposed a vital and inevitable and glorious war, and it is perishing before our eyes. In the State of New York it professes to hope for a little longer life. But it is the profession of despair. No well-informed man believes for an instant in the recovery of so exhausted and worthless a frame; and its own hope is based upon the fact that it has formally recanted, eaten its own words, and confessed its own disgrace and defeat. It is only right that, the rebellion having been defeated, its great ally should be annihilated; and the character of the American people is shown as proudly in their steady union for the overthrow of a false party as it was in the destruction of a foul conspiracy.

Maine, Vermont, California, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Iowa, and Indiana are the States that have thus far voted, and, like patriot soldiers when the roll is called, they answer one after another to the Union call, and even louder than last year, "Here! here!" Even New Jersey, hitherto the perfect type of a modern "Democratic" State, begins to blush that she has so long faltered in the good race; and in the total rout of the Chicago platform party at Newark gives hope that she will not much longer be chained to the corpse of slavery or modern Democracy.

The Democratic leaders are receiving the severest lesson of their lives. They thought they could trifle with the national safety, and the people do not forget it. They thought they could oppose and thwart a war for national life, and when the indomitable patience and power of the people conquered, could turn round, throw up their hats, shout victory, declare that they had been heart and hand in the war, and so bamboozle the people they had done their best to ruin.

Do they suppose the people have returned from whipping rebels in the field to be fooled by Copperheads on a platform? Do they imagine they can deceive the popular intelligence by hiding behind a General? They might remember the experiment of last year. They tried to hide the whole Chicago platform behind a General. But whether the platform were too large or the General too small the cheat was plain enough, and was heartily and contemptuously rejected.

The Democratic party was opposed to the war. Individual Democrats, indeed, boldly broke with their party to go with their country; but the party was ruled by Horatio Seymour, Vallandigham, the Woods, and men in sympathy with them. Its votes in Congress, its orators, its national convention pronounced against the war. It was not only destroyed at the election, it was despised, and now the same old leaders ask the confidence of the people.

This year it makes a feeble show of supporting the President. We say feeble, because although in the State of New York it declares for him unreservedly, and like a desperate gamester John Van Buren calls him his candidate for the succession, yet in the other States the support was conditional, and in New York it is offered by Seymour, Green, and his most malignant traducers of last year. It is here only a transparent trick to come into power.

But the times are too serious for tricks. Every voter asks himself what will these men do if they come into power. He finds the answer in John Van Buren's speech. That gentleman throws the blame of the war upon the North, upon the loyal States. He shows the same old truckling servility to the late rebel chiefs that originally brought us into trouble. But Mr. Van Buren and all his associates upon the Chicago platform will learn that the plantation whip has lost its terrors. If the fate of the party which opposed the war of 1812 has not instructed them, the elections of this autumn will teach them that the people of this country will not trust a party which played into the hands of the national enemy, until it has changed not merely its professions but the leaders who have inspired universal contempt and distrust.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE COLORED TROOPS.

It should be the merest matter of course that the President of the United States, speaking to any body of citizens, and especially to those who had risked their lives in the common defense, should express his faith in equal rights. But so long has the Government been under the control of the party which denies and insults the American principle that its plain affirmation by the President is a striking and significant fact, showing that the country is rapidly returning to the simple faith of the fathers, who held that every man has natural rights which every other man is sacredly bound to respect.

Such a speech is still more impressive when made by a President who has learned by the most bitter personal experience that the denial of that principle leads logically and inevitably to the unimaginable horrors of civil war; and who, during that war, acting as military Governor of his own State, and holding her back from complicity in the effort to destroy the National Government, proclaimed universal freedom, and declared that he would be the Moses of the enslaved race to lead them out of bondage into liberty.

And such a speech is still more striking when uttered by a President who, it was hoped by the party hostile to equal rights, would forget his own life, his own acts, his own solemn pledges, and join in the futile attempt to annihilate the rights which the people had guaranteed.

It is for such reasons that the remarks of the President to the returning colored veterans of the District of Columbia have produced so profound an impression, so cheering to every man who believes that the peace of the country can be permanently established only upon universal justice, so confounding to the political hucksters and wreckers who hope by pandering to the hatreds of baffled rebels to obtain a temporary party ascendency.

The colored men who stood before the President on their way from the battle-fields in which they had sustained the Government were the representatives of the race who in all the rebel States were steadily faithful during the war; of those whose color was a sure sign of loyalty, and to whom every Union soldier escaping from the cruelties of Andersonville, of Belle Isle, of Salisbury, turned in perfect confidence of assistance which was never betrayed; of those whom the Democratic party would now thrust helplessly back into the power of the jailers of Andersonville and the Libby to treat as they choose. The President, to the dire confusion of that party, called them "my friends." He said to them, "This is your country as well as any body else's country." He declared, "This country is founded upon the principles of equality." He said: "He that is most meritorious and virtuous and intellectual and well-informed must stand highest without regard to color." He announced that "Liberty means freedom to work and enjoy the products of your own labor." He called them "my countrymen," and thanked them for the compliment they had conferred upon him by their call.

Those who have counted upon the President's treachery to the principles upon which he was elected have reckoned without their host. Those who hoped to see in his acts and hear in his words an illustration of what they foolishly call the "instinctive antipathy" and "unconquerable loathing" to any honest men whatever their color or condition have been fatally mistaken. President Johnson shows that he feels with President Lincoln, who, in his letter to the unconditional Union men of Illinois, anticipating the glad day of victory in whose gray dawn he was translated, said with prophetic truth: "And there will be some black men who can remember that with silent tongue, and clenched teeth, and steady eye, and well-poised bayonet, they have helped mankind on to this great consummation; while I fear that there will be some white men unable to forget that with malignant heart and deceitful speech they have striven to hinder it."

These last hoped that the successor of Lincoln, who has faithfully continued his policy, would fall helplessly into their clutches. But turning away from the malignant heart and deceitful speech to the men of the steady eye and well-poised bayonet, he says, "My friends and countrymen, this is your country as much as any body's."

JONAH.

Routed every where in the States that have voted, terribly defeated even in the chief city of New Jersey, the last flickering hope of the party that prayed God to preserve the country when Mr. Johnson became President is the State of New York. Here they have flung every thing overboard—except Jonah, and he will swamp the ship. The party goes into the election under the lead of John A. Green, editor of one of the most notorious Copperhead journals in the country, who nominated General Slocum at Albany, and of Horatio Seymour, who appeared with General Slocum as his sponsor at the meeting where he first spoke, and who is the most unmitigated Jonah with which any party craft ever put to sea.

There are those who say that the Union party carried the State by so small a majority last year that it will surely lose now. But such an apprehension is expressed without thought. Last year Horatio Seymour appealed to the people of the State upon the ground that the war was a failure—that the rebellion could never be overcome—that there ought to be a cessation of hostilities, a recourse to the ultimate resources of statesmanship, etc., etc. Now the war was not then ended, and Mr. Seymour might yet prove to be correct. Even Mr. Greeley was in favor of offering terms. But this year Mr. Seymour stands naked amidst the ruin of all his prophecies. His "friends" did not rise in a counter-insurrection; and those terrible fanatics and Jacobins, Grant and Sherman, swept the rebellion from the earth. Why should any body go to the polls and vote that Mr. Seymour was right?

He and his political associates at Chicago and in the bloody streets of New York profess to support the President. But even if they are to be believed, they certainly support him no more warmly or faithfully than the party which elected him. Last year he and his friends supported George H. Pendleton, who declared not only that the war was a failure but that the Government had no right to make war. Did he and they then believe that it was an unjust war? Do they believe so still? If not, when and where has Mr. Seymour said so?

The question is thus narrowed to a point. If the platforms of the two parties in New York are so similar, which party can the people of the State most safely trust—Horatio Seymour and the Woods, and John A. Green and their party, or the great triumphant host which elected Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson—which finished the war victoriously against the steady and unscrupulous politicians who now ask for power, and which maintains its shining ranks thus far stronger and more united than ever from Maine to California?

M'GOWAN.

We observe that General Samuel M'Gowan offers himself as a candidate for Congress in the Third District of South Carolina, and has issued an address which is held to be the chief exposition of the views of those who are aspiring to control that State. General M'Gowan was a conspicuous rebel soldier. He has committed the highest offense known to the Constitution, and by the laws of the land his life is forfeit as a traitor. It is therefore interesting to remark the words and tone of his address, from which we make the following extracts:

> "Relying upon the good faith and patriotic intentions of the President of the United States, we have done all that was required of us to restore our old relations to the Constitution and the Union; but still we have not been received into fellowship at Washington. That important part of the plan of reconstruction remains yet to be accomplished. It is understood that a party will oppose the President's plan of reorganizing the States and giving to them equality of rights, and will insist upon still farther despoiling and crushing the States of the South as conquered provinces. This radical fanatical party opposed our leaving the Union, and now they oppose our returning to it. When we were in the Union they abused us on account of slavery. They waged war upon us because we tried to separate from them, and now that we propose to return without slavery they still object.
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> "In some respects we are at the beginning of our policy, as if we were a new State about to assume new relations with our sister States; but we must never allow ourselves to forget that in other respects we are an old State—a State having antecedents, a name to maintain, and a history to preserve. Whatever may betide us in the uncertain future, the past, at least, is secure. South Carolina has never swerved from the path of honor, as she conceived it. We have a record of which none need be ashamed; and when any apostate son of hers disclaims or disparages it may she cast him out as unworthy of her. The devotion of every true son of the State adheres in adversity as well as in prosperity—is loyal through evil as well as through good report; and in the midst of the greatest misfortunes 'sticketh closer than a brother.'
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> "It may not be improper in this connection to say that, while I have approved the course of the State in seeking to restore her old relations with the Government of the United States, it has been upon the faith and expectation that the State, as soon as reconstructed, is to have entire control of the whole subject of her domestic affairs. The State, and the State alone, must be left to decide to whom she will give the right of suffrage or other political rights. A new code *noir* must be enacted to protect and govern the population lately made free—to prevent idleness, vagrancy, pauperism, and crime. I am not prophet enough to foresee whether we can succeed; but I solemnly believe it will be impossible to live in the country at all unless the State has exclusive control of the whole subject. I have hope that this will be permitted, and I think it is in accordance with our interests and true policy to sustain the President and the Democratic party in their efforts to restore the States to their position of equality, and to give them equal rights in the Government."

In other words, General Samuel M'Gowan consents to a renewal by the imperial sovereignty of South Carolina of her old relations with the Government of the United States, provided that he is not mistaken in the good faith of the President. He alludes to the time when the sovereign State was in the Union and to the war waged against it, and has grave doubts whether he can continue to live in the country unless the State, which has never swerved from the path of honor, is left to do exactly as she pleases.

These are undoubtedly his sincere sentiments. We do not question them. We have never doubted that his State really believed the doctrine of supreme State sovereignty. But are these the views of a man who ought to be at this juncture a legislator for the United States? Would not General M'Gowan oppose a tax to pay for "the war waged upon us" just as sincerely as he engaged in the war?

Is there any thing in the assumptions and implications of his address which Mr. Calhoun would not have heartily approved? Of course he is aware that by the law of Congress he is incompetent to a seat, even if elected. But does he also know that President Johnson, while announcing that Congress is the judge of the qualifications of its members, has also said that he hopes no men will be elected who can not conform to the requirements of that law? Does General M'Gowan, or do his constituents at the South or allies at the North, suppose that we have fought this war to its issue in order to bring back Jefferson Davis, John Slidell, and James Mason, or their political opinions and purposes, into the Congress of the United States?

FREEDOM TO WORK AND ENJOY.

In his late speech to the returning soldiers of the District of Columbia the President said: "Liberty means freedom to work and enjoy the products of your own labor." He had already said the same thing in his address in Washington on the 11th of May. "Freedom simply means liberty to work and to enjoy the products of a man's own toil, and how much he may put into his stomach and on his back. I mean this in the most extensive sense."

It is in pursuance of this profound and settled conviction of the President that Governor Sharkey, of Mississippi, has ordered that the testimony of colored men shall be received in all the courts. The Governor holds, of course, with the approval of the President, that all laws springing from the system of Slavery fall with the overthrow of that system; and the consequences of this position are most important. The colored man was disabled as a witness because he was a slave. Ceasing to be a slave he becomes a man, one of the population, in the eye of the law a citizen although not a voter. His testimony can no more be lawfully excluded than that of a woman who is also a citizen although not a voter.

But the consequences are broader still. If in this country every freeman is entitled to enjoy the product of his labor in the most extensive sense, no law can be rightly passed which arbitrarily removes him from his chosen residence, or interferes with as complete a control of his labor and property as every body else in the community enjoys. A slave is, in the view of wicked laws, a chattel. He may be sold like a pig or a cow. He can hold no property except upon sufferance. But when he becomes a man and citizen he is by that act invested with all the rights of a man and a citizen.

Now what is called the lawful or legal condition of slavery is nothing but the tyranny of a majority. Against God, against nature, against the human conscience, against the spirit of the Constitution and good policy, the majority determine to deprive the minority of all their rights. They have done this in the late rebel States heretofore. What is to prevent their doing it hereafter? In other words, how are the rights guaranteed by the Constitution of the nation and of the State to be secured to the people of the State? By giving every man a voice in the Government. That is the American principle. The Government justly exists by the consent of the governed. Such a system is indeed not perfect; but experience proves it is the most practicable ever tried. Regarding every man as entitled to the same rights it secures them by conferring political power upon the same conditions. It is toward that end that the President wishes to see the country moving. This is what he means in saying: "This country is founded upon the principles of equality, and at the same time the standard by which persons are to be estimated is according to their merit and their worth."

The way in which this is to be done for the whole country is by a Constitutional Amendment equalizing every where the electoral qualification, and forbidding the exclusion of one man because he is not worth ten thousand dollars, and another because he is darker or lighter than his fellow-citizens. The main question is one of equal rights. Until those are asserted and protected we shall have no peace.

HOW TO BRING DOWN PRICES.

The Secretary of the Treasury made a speech at Fort Wayne, Indiana, on 11th, in which he avows his policy to be one of contraction, and declares that if Congress does its duty at the coming session the volume of currency will at once begin to be reduced. On the other hand, the controller of the currency lately wrote a letter, in which he predicted that instead of curtailing the currency Congress would authorize an issue of $200,000,000 more National Bank notes for the use of the Southern States.

The subject is so vital that the markets vibrate with every expression of official opinion. Words lightly spoken by official personages at political gatherings or hastily written to political friends affect immediately the price of the poor man's coat, supper, and winter fire.

Contraction of the currency would involve lower prices for gold, food, clothing, rents, labor, merchandise, and property of all kinds.

Expansion of the currency would involve higher prices for labor, gold, and for many kinds of merchandise and property.

Uncertainty whether the currency is to be expanded or contracted involves higher prices for every manufactured article and for rents, unsettles the value of labor, gold, foreign merchandise, and domestic produce, and, in the words of the Secretary of the Treasury, "converts mercantile business into gambling, and seriously diminishes the labor of the country."

Of the three the last is the worst. Currency contraction may be met and endured with the help of a general reduction of expenditure; and currency expansion may be borne, if care be taken—as is almost always done—to see that wages advance in proportion to the advance in the cost of commodities. But it is beyond the power of sagacity to make both ends meet in households of modest means, when the policy of the Government is constantly alternating between contraction and expansion; when one member of Government warns us to expect a reduction of the currency, and another predicts an increase; when the Treasury issues "proposals for funding," and new legal tenders in the same week; when, on the one hand, actual expansion exacts of us two prices for butter, coal, and flour, while, on the other, impending contraction compels us to pay twice as much as we otherwise should for blankets, rent, and cotton cloth.

If the Secretary of the Treasury can contract the currency, let him do so, and do so at once. He need not wait for acts of Congress. The power has already been placed in his hands. We all understand, without further information on the subject, that irredeemable paper-money is an evil, and that the country will not be soundly prosperous or the poor decently comfortable until we get back to specie payments. If it be in the power of the Secretary of the Treasury to contract the currency until a greenback dollar is worth a hundred cents in coin, he is the worst criminal in the land if he fails to exercise that power. But if he can not contract the currency; if, even now, his ordinary receipts from taxes, customs, and lands fall short of his expenditures, and new loans are requisite to supply the deficiency; if the very liberal proposals of September 29 for funding the inert compound legal tender of last year have fallen flat in the market, then surely it is cruel to threaten that which he can not perform, and to aggravate the uncertainties which already hamper all kinds of business.

One of the severest trials of these times to the poor is high rents. Why are rents high? Not because there is too much currency, but because there are too few houses. No new houses are being built, because capitalists are all expecting Mr. M'Culloch to contract the currency, in which case materials and labor will fall, and house-building will cost 25 @ 50 per cent. less than now.

Then clothing of all kinds, especially domestic woolens and cotton cloths, is extravagantly dear—as dear as it was when gold was 275, This is perhaps even harder on poor men than the high price of food and rent. In this climate even the poorest must be clad, and prices have so long been high that people who waited for better times have worn out all their old clothes.

"You ask me, Sir," said a New England capitalist, who had been confessing to his income from manufacturing stocks—30 per cent. in one, 40 in others, 50 in others, and in one case 89 per cent. in a single year: "you ask me why I do not start more mills? My reason is very simple. I have $200,000 in cash in bank and lent to Government on call awaiting a suitable opportunity for its employment in this way, and I can lay my hand on $2,000,000 among my immediate acquaintance which are lying ready for the same chance. But we are all waiting for the contraction to take place. We dare not invest our money with that contingency hanging over us."

Similar confessions will be made by capitalists in the iron and the coal trade. Established companies are realizing enormous fortunes, and the poor are being forced to pay exorbitant prices for the necessaries of life, because the dread of contraction operates to prevent competition.

If, instead of predicting an early decrease of legal tenders, Mr. M'Culloch were to say to the public: "There will be no increase of currency; but, on the other hand, there will be no decrease beyond the possible excess of the Government's revenue over its expenditure," business men would know what they had to expect, capital would immediately flow into manufacturing channels, the price of clothing, coal, iron, rents, etc., would be reduced by competition, the manufacturers of New England and Pennsylvania would be obliged to content themselves with annual dividends of ten per cent., the Reading Railroad and its compeers would not pay twenty per cent. and over, and rents would fall very considerably.

Of course, if the Secretary of the Treasury can perform as well as promise, he is right in promising. Temporary inconvenience would be cheerfully borne if we could see our way clear to the early resumption of specie payments. Prices will fall quickly enough when that is at hand. But how little the mercantile community believes in the Secretary's power to resume or to contract the currency is seen by the firmness of all the markets on the reception of his Fort Wayne speech. Men of business do not see how a man can reduce his indebtedness until his income exceeds his expenditure. Nor do they consider that exchanges of one form of indebtedness for another, such as funding the legal tenders into long bonds, can be carried beyond a certain point without defeating their own object. So long as money remains easy people will give legal tenders for long bonds, if the latter are offered at a price below that which rules or is likely to rule in open market. But as soon as any substantial proportion of the currency afloat has been thus withdrawn from circulation money will become tight, and instead of buying more long bonds people will sell those which they have for currency. Then the funding will stop, and, owing to the financial embarrassment caused by the monetary stringency, the public revenue will decline. If a large amount of currency has been withdrawn in the interval the decline in the revenue may be large enough to necessitate new loans to pay interest and meet public expenditures. And the supply of United States bonds in market will be pretty sure so far to exceed the demand as to cause a heavy decline in the price—with contingencies, so far as the National Banks are concerned, upon which it is needless to expatiate.

It may be said of our financial policy at the present time, as Lord Mansfield said of judicial decisions, that the worst decision of all was no decision. A bad policy, like a bad ruling in law, may do mischief. But men may shape their business and their conduct to suit even the worst policy or the most unwise legal precedent. When, however, the law and the policy are undetermined, or when a policy is announced which the public believe can not be carried out, no man can tell which way to steer his boat, and capital withdraws from enterprise, leaving the public to the mercy of monopolists.

It is satisfactory to remember that Congress will meet in six weeks. Mr. M'Culloch, of whose ability and single-mindedness there has never been any question, will then have an opportunity of presenting in extenso his plan for the contraction of the currency, and it may be feasible. There are more points in finance than have yet been dreamed of in Wall Street philosophy. Congress, it is to be hoped, will act upon the subject with becoming promptness. This will be a very hard winter for the poor; all the necessaries of life are as high as they were when sound men expected the currency to prove valueless; and the excitement and patriotic fervor which then sustained the poor in their privations have now passed away. Whatever legislation can do for their relief should be done, and done at once.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA COMMITTEE.

The Committee from the South Carolina Convention which waited upon the President to ask a pardon for Jefferson Davis were told that "If treason has been committed it ought to be determined by the highest tribunal and the fact declared, even if clemency should come afterward." This is in accordance with all the President's assertions in the spring, that treason is a crime, not a difference of opinion, and that it is the highest crime known to the Constitution. The phraseology of the speech, however, will undoubtedly be accepted as an indication of the fate of Davis. If tried and convicted, clemency, upon some terms, will follow.

Mrs. Davis, it appears, has been playing the shrew. When the Committee asked if she might not be allowed to pass out of Georgia into South Carolina the President said that his letters from the lady "were not very commendable." One of the Committee observed that she was a woman "of strong feeling." Yes, added the President, "and of strong temper. Manifestations of temper and defiance do no good." The good lady has probably been scolding the President like a vixen.

The Committee hoped that the President had seen that they accepted emancipation in South Carolina; but the difficulties of regulating labor and restraining vagrancy were very great. The President replied, with great good sense, that there was not so much danger as they supposed. Pass just laws and society will soon be restored. "Let us get the general principles," said he, "and the details and collaterals will follow."

The Committee then expressed entire confidence in the President's purposes and actions, and hoped to deserve his in return. The President was glad to hear it, and believed that good feeling would return through mutual confidence. He was not looking to future preferment, and wished only to see the people once more united and happy.

The Committee were introduced by W. H. Trescott, a rebel lately pardoned, Assistant Secretary of State under Buchanan, now the State agent of South Carolina at Washington. They departed without the pardon of Davis. "I leave the events of the future," said the President, upon his accession, "to be disposed of as they arise, regarding myself as the humble instrument of the American people. In this, as in all things, justice and judgment shall be determined by them."

THE ENGLISH REBEL LOAN HOLDERS.

The London *Times* indignantly denounces the list of Englishmen suffering by the rebel loan as a malicious imposture, and declares that it is a complete falsehood to assert that the editor of the *Times* loses ten thousand pounds or more by the loan. Several of the other gentlemen named are writing letters to the same effect. Hon. Evelyn Ashley denies that he had any of the loan. Mr. Ridout, proprietor of the *Morning Post*, makes the same denial. Mr. Laird, of Liverpool—whom we trust Americans will remember as the builder of the *Alabama*—authorizes a similar denial. Mr. Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer, telegraphs his denial to the London *Star*.

But why do these gentlemen deny the charge with such fury? They applauded the rebellion. They reviled the United States Government. They sneered at the idea of ever subduing the rebel States. They extolled the rebels as high-minded patriots and honorable men, exercising an undeniable right and gallantly striking for liberty. Mr. Laird defended them in Parliament and built vessels for them. The *Morning Post* clung to their fortunes to the last, and refused to believe their overthrow. Mr. Gladstone declared that Jefferson Davis had created a nation. What possible reason was there that these gentlemen should not aid by money a cause to which they gave praise so freely? There is no shame in helping honorable men gallantly striking for right and liberty. There is no disgrace in the statement that they showed their faith by their works. The gallant gentlemen have indeed come to grief. Mr. Jefferson Davis's nation died before it was born. But is it disreputable for an English gentleman to have helped the unfortunate? May he not honorably jump in to rescue a drowning man, even though his effort be in vain? Is simple humanity not estimable in England? The English gentlemen hurry to exculpate themselves from the suspicion of actually aiding the American rebels with as much alacrity and indignation as if they were Irish Fenians.

It is a painful and ridiculous spectacle. If all these gentlemen were not ashamed to countenance and encourage a rebellion waged against equal civil liberty, an insurrection to overthrow a free government and establish a slave-empire, surely they need not blush at the imputation of honestly meaning what they said, and of supporting with their purses a cause to which they devoted their tongues and pens.

TIMOROUS THANKSGIVING.

The General Convention of the Episcopal Church in the United States has been recently in session in Philadelphia engaged in renewing relations with its dioceses in the late rebel States. By way of accomplishing that result it decisively rejected a resolution offered by Horace Binney, of Philadelphia, asking the House of Bishops, in appointing a day of Thanksgiving for the return of peace, to request that "especial thanks be offered to Almighty God for the re-establishment of the national authority over our whole country, and for the removal of that great occasion of national dissension and estrangement to which our late troubles were due."

This does not seem a very hard task for loyal Bishops and congregations all over the land. But the resolution was tabled by an immense majority. Let us hope the faithful clergy of the Church will do in their sermons what they are forbidden to do in their prayers.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

CLOSE OF THE THIRTY-FIRST VOLUME.

The Thirty-first Volume of Harper's Magazine closes with the November Number. Among the prominent features of this Volume are the Novels by the two foremost writers of fiction of the time—Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins; Personal Sketches of the prominent Generals in the Union Army; and descriptions, by Mr. J. Ross Browne, of the Mineral Regions of the Pacific. The "Monthly Record of Current Events" narrates succinctly the closing scenes of the War, and the steps taken for the Restoration of the Union.

Each Number of Harper's Magazine contains from fifty to one hundred per cent. more matter than any other American Magazine issued at the same price; and nearly double the quantity contained in the popular British Magazines, such as the "Cornhill," "Temple Bar," and "London Society;" and seventy-five per cent. more than the half-crown British Magazines, such as "Blackwood," "Fraser," and the "Dublin University."

Mr. J. Ross Browne will continue the illustrated narrative of his Journeys and Adventures in Nevada, Idaho, Salt Lake City, and other parts of the Far West.

Ample arrangements have been made for the ensuing Volume with old and new Contributors in every department of the Magazine. For Terms, etc., see page 687.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

RECONSTRUCTION.

On the 11th of October President Johnson, by official order, directed the release on their paroles of Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia; George A. Trenholm, of South Carolina; John H. Reagan, of Texas; John A. Campbell, of Alabama, and Charles Clark, of Mississippi—five persons who held prominent positions in the rebel Confederacy, and who have for some time past been confined in different fortresses. They are ordered to remain in their respective States and await any charges that may be brought against them.

Provisional Governor Sharkey, of Mississippi, on the 25th ult. issued a proclamation in regard to the reception of the testimony of colored witnesses. The Governor says that in all civil or criminal cases in which the rights of the negroes are involved their testimony may be received in the courts of the State, subject to the same rules as govern the taking of the evidence of white persons.

General Grant, October 9, issued an order reducing and reorganizing the military force of the republic. This order assigns the various regiments of Regular Artillery to Northern forts. Colored troops are to garrison all but two of the Southern forts. All the volunteer cavalry east of the Mississippi is mustered out.

October 12, the Committee from South Carolina to memorialize the President in behalf of *Jeff Davis* had their interview with Mr. Johnson at the White House. The President's reply was firm but courteous. He said all could not be pardoned at once. The Government did not desire to persecute, but only to vindicate itself. He advised South Carolina to admit negro testimony in her courts. No change, however, was promised in regard to the status of the late rebel President.

The election returns from Virginia are not very satisfactory to loyal men. The following persons have been elected for members of Congress: Custis, L. H. Chandler, B. H. Barbour, Robert Ridgway, Charles L. Mosby, A. H. H. Stuart, Robert Conrad, and D. H. Hoge. Two of these—Stuart and Conrad—refuse to take the oath. The former during the canvass said that he should despise himself if he could take the oath. Conrad was one of the signers of the ordinance of secession.

General Lee on the same day he was installed President of Washington College subscribed to the oath of amnesty, by which he solemnly binds himself to defend the Union of States under the Constitution.

THE ELECTIONS.

The latest election returns give larger Union majorities than was at first anticipated. In Ohio the Union majority is 28,148; in Pennsylvania, 23,666. Governor Stone's majority in Iowa amounts to 16,000; the Legislature of that State, it is thought, will be three-fourths Union. The charter election in Newark, New Jersey, gives a result which promises well for the State. The Union majority in that city was over 1300.

NEWS ITEMS.

President Johnson is still busy pardoning Southerners who are worth more than $20,000—about 3000 have taken out their papers, while about 50,000 applications have been made. The pen with which the President signed the first pardon is in the possession of his Private Secretary. Blanks have now been made out, to which are affixed an engraved *fac-simile* of the President's signature.

General Banks has been nominated for Congress by the Republican Convention of the Sixth District of Massachusetts.

A handsome statue of the late General Berry has been erected above his grave in the Achorn Cemetery, Blackinton's Corner, Maine. It is in marble, and more than life-size, the figure being six feet and a half in height. It represents the General standing in an attitude of repose, with the right hand, which holds a field-glass, resting upon a stump or post, over which his cloak is thrown.

A great fire occurred at Belfast, Maine, October 12, destroying nearly the entire business portion of the city, below Washington and Cross streets. The loss is estimated at nearly half a million of dollars. The fire is said to have been caused by an incendiary.

Secretary M'Culloch made a speech at Fort Wayne, October 11, advocating a contraction of the currency and a speedy return to specie payments. He made some remarks regarding the President's reconstruction policy, tending to show that Mr. Johnson is not a partisan, and that while he avoids too much centralization on the one hand he is determined to steer clear of the ruinous heresy of State sovereignty as taught by Calhoun.

An express train from Harrisburg for Lancaster, Pennsylvania, was, on the 14th, thrown from the track, whereby nine persons were killed and two slightly injured. The accident was caused by a broken rail.

The boiler of the steamer *Yo Semite*, on the Sacramento River, California, exploded on the night of the 12th, killing 54 persons, wounding 32 others, and considerably shattering the vessel.

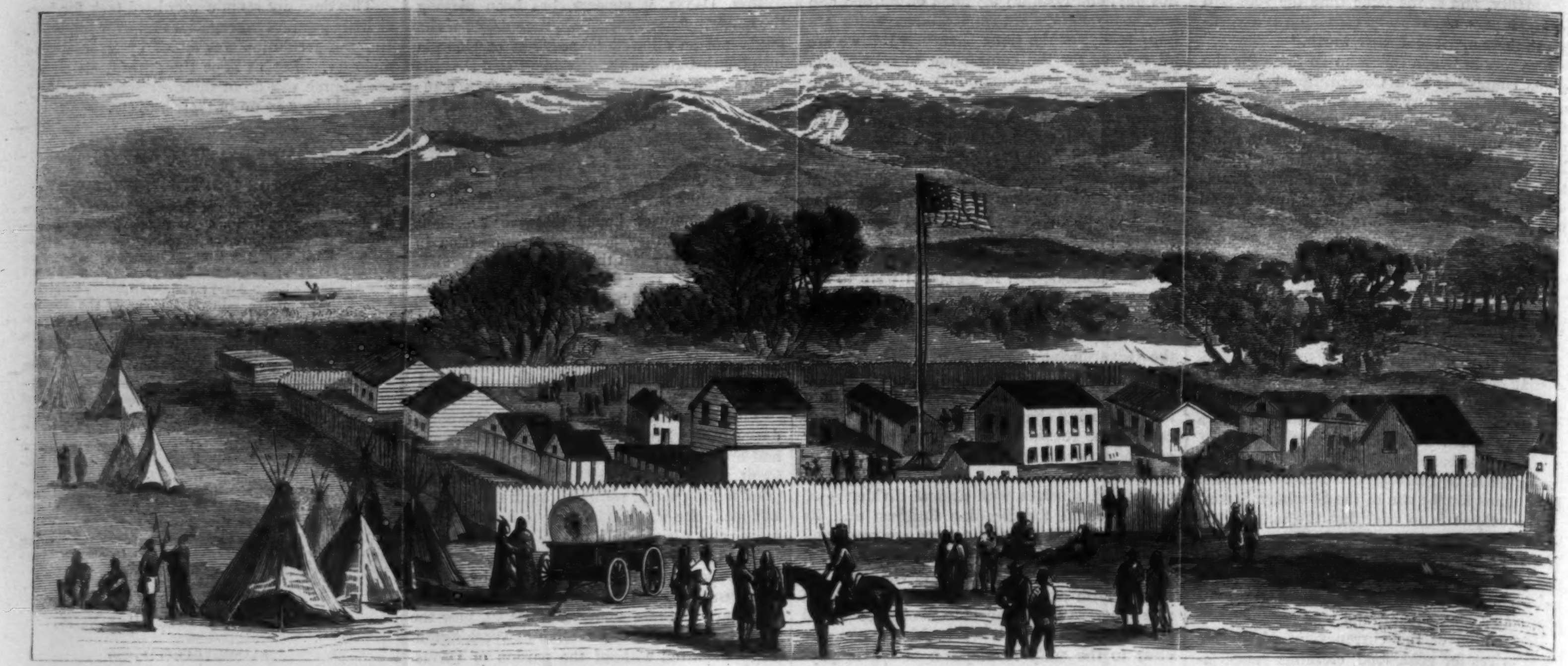
Since the commencement of the current fiscal year (July 1, 1865) the receipts of the Internal Revenue have amounted to over one hundred millions of dollars.

On the 17th there was a grand fireman's parade in Philadelphia. The demonstration was an imposing one. A large number of companies were present from New York, Albany, Buffalo, Pittsburg, and other cities. There were in the procession 102 hose carriages, 57 steamers, 11 hand engines, 12 hook and ladder carriages, and 21 ambulances. It is estimated that the line was ten miles in length.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The publication in this country of the list of Confederate bondholders, as found in the rebel archives, creates great indignation. The London *Times* denies that it had any interest in the bonds, as do also the editors of the *Morning Post*, Mr. Laird, and others.

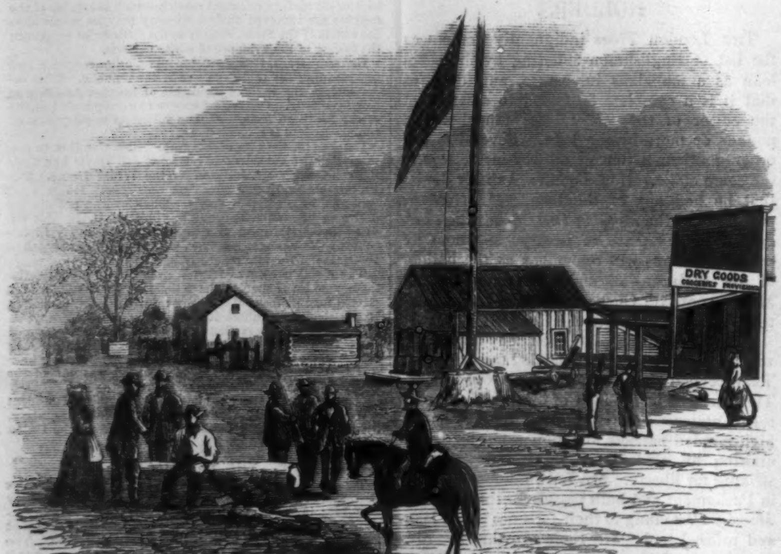
The total number of Fenian arrests amounted, at last accounts, to about 200.



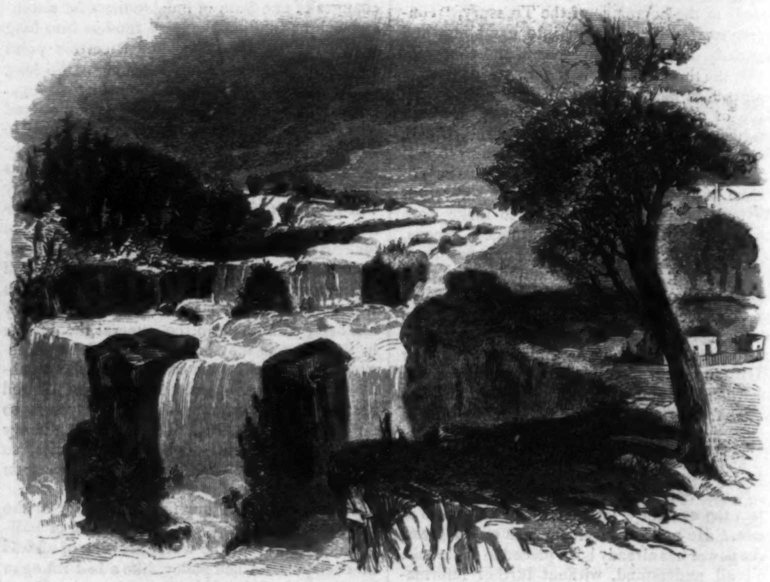
DACOTAH TERRITORY—FORT THOMPSON, ON THE UPPER MISSOURI RIVER, BUILT FOR THE SIOUX AND WINNEBAGO AGENCY.—[SKETCHED BY JOHN NAIRN.]

DACOTAH TERRITORY.

WE give on this page some interesting illustrations connected with the Territory of Dacotah. This Territory was organized by an Act of Congress approved March 2, 1861. Its boundaries embraced all that portion of the United States territory extending from Minnesota on the east to the Rocky Mountains, and from the British Possessions on the north to Iowa and the 43d parallel of latitude. Dacotah, thus determined, was the largest organized Territory in the United States. The Missouri River, one of the largest navigable streams on the continent, traversed the entire central domain of this Territory, from its icy rills in the Rocky Mountains to the broad, luxuriant meadows and sunny plains of Southern Dacotah, where the great river delivers itself upon the northwest border of Iowa.



MAIN STREET, VERMILION, DACOTAH TERRITORY.—[SKETCHED BY M. K. ARMSTRONG.]



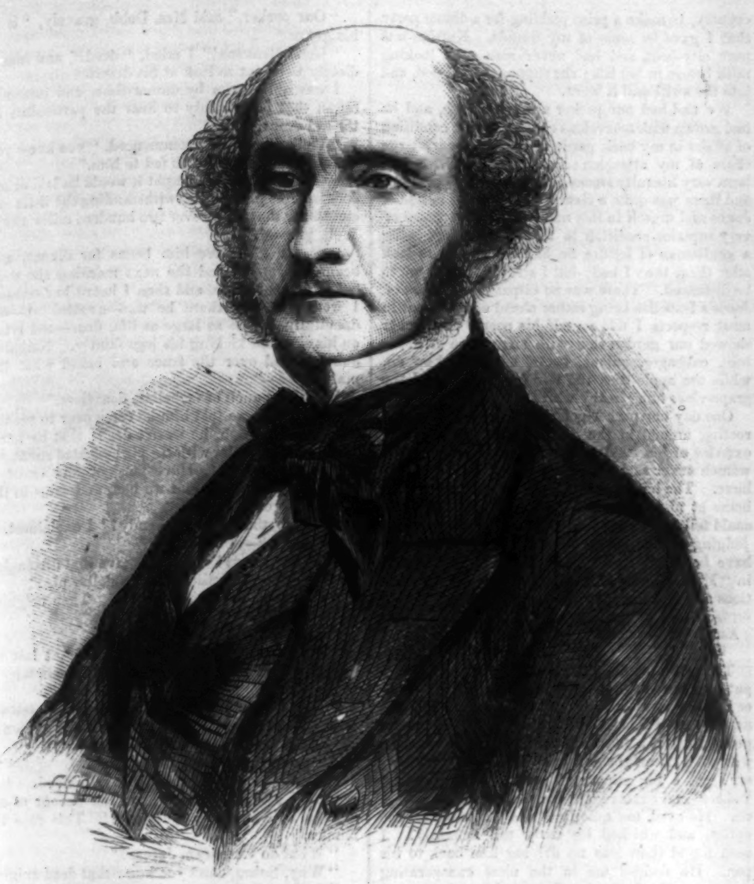
SIOUX FALLS, DACOTAH TERRITORY.—[SKETCHED BY M. K. ARMSTRONG.]

The first permanent white settlements in Dacotah were made in 1858–9, at Sioux Falls, Vermilion, and Yankton, soon after the treaty with the Yankton tribe of Dacotah, or Sioux Indians, by the stipulations of which those Indians released to the United States fourteen million acres of the finest lands owned by the Sioux nation, lying in the southeastern extremity of the Territory, and watered by the Big Sioux, Vermilion, and James rivers, which are tributaries of the Missouri.

As a consideration for these lands the Government pays to the Yanktons $1,666,000, in annual installments for fifty years. The tribe abandoned the ceded territory in July, 1859, and removed to their reserve of 400,000 acres on the Missouri, nearly opposite Fort Randall, in latitude 43°. Yankton, the capital of the Territory, is located on the site of the old Indian village of the head chief of the tribe, which is on the east side of the Missouri River, seven miles above the mouth of the James. The town contains about 100 houses and 500 people, and is beautifully situated on a plat of prairie gradually descending to the river, and surrounded by a bench of high table-land about a mile in the back-ground.

Vermilion is the site of the United States Land Office for Dacotah Territory. It is situated on the Missouri River, thirty miles southeast of Yankton, and about midway between this place and Sioux City, in Iowa, near the mouth of the Big Sioux River. The town contains some 30 houses and 200 inhabitants. The Land Office is in charge of Captain M. MINER, Register; and J. W. BOYLE, Receiver. Over 100,000 acres of the public domain have been located by settlers at this office since

BROADWAY IN YANKTON, THE CAPITAL OF DACOTAH TERRITORY.—[SKETCHED BY M. K. ARMSTRONG.]



JOHN STUART MILL, M.

the passage of the Homestead Act, in 1862. This town, as well as all others in the Territory, has been more or less protected by United States soldiers since the Indian outbreak, three years ago.

It is doubtless well known to our readers that General **Alfred Sully** has led three strong military expeditions against the hostile tribes of this Territory since 1863, and that, although in every engagement he has driven the red warriors from the field, yet little has been done toward bringing them to subjection or terms of peace. Even within sight of our towns and military forts farmers have been massacred in their fields, teamsters and stage-drivers robbed and killed upon the highways of the Territory, while 3000 cavalry were in pursuit of the Indians on the plains. There are 34,000 Indians in Dacotah. The Winnebago and Santee tribes of Minnesota have been removed to this Territory since the Indian outbreak, and are located on reserves opposite old Fort Lookout, in latitude 44° North. The Government pays annually to the tribes on the Upper Missouri, in annuities and presents, the sum of $300,814, or over a quarter million of dollars.

Steamboats ascend to Fort Benton, within 180 miles of the Montana mines. Two Government wagon-roads have been opened across the plain, connecting Dacotah with Montana and Idaho, north of the 43d parallel. Thirty-seven large steamers have passed up the Missouri into these Territories since the first of April.

JOHN STUART MILL.

Many of our readers will look with interest upon the faithful portrait of our English friend, **John Stuart Mill**, engraved on this page. Mr. **Mill** has recently been elected a member of Parliament from Westminster—a fact which is creditable to his constituency, being a proof that an English statesman can, in one instance at least, attain to a high political office without lowering himself to the level of a demagogue or resorting to corrupt means for his elevation. Mr. **Mill**'s success is, however, still more flattering to himself than to his electors, for it is the result of a life of honest endeavor for the popular weal which compels popular appreciation.

John Stuart Mill was born in Rodney Street, Pentonville, London, on May 20, 1806. The house in which he first saw the light was that in which his father, **James Mill**, commenced his famous work on India. Mr. **James Mill**, Senior, became a man of mark among his contemporaries, foremost among whom was **Jeremy Bentham**, who became his teacher and friend. Mr. **Mill** for six weeks occupied the house formerly occupied by **John Milton**, the author of "Paradise Lost," No. 1 York Street, Westminster. In 1817 he published the "History of India," which established his literary reputation, and afforded him a moderate competency, as it led to his appointment as Corresponding Secretary of the East India Revenue Department.

John Stuart Mill, the son, was at this time in his teens; and ere long—in 1823—he became an assistant to his father in the Correspondence Department. It was a stirring time. The question of Parliamentary Reform was agitating the whole country, and evoking the most powerful utterances that had ever been heard in the country: **Brougham**, **Russell**, **Bowring**, **Grote**, **Southwood Smith**, **Hume**, **Horner**, **Romilly**, **Bentham**, Colonel **Thompson**, and many others, being found on the side of the popular party, into whose arms **John Stuart Mill**—the future Bayard of English philosophical literature—unreservedly threw himself from the very first.

In 1843 appeared the famous "System of Logic," which was followed, in 1848, by the "Principles of Political Economy," in which the doctrines of **Adam Smith**, **Ricardo**, and other leading economists, were interpreted in a broad and enlightened spirit. In this work Mr. **Mill** treats of the laws of production, capital and labor, property, competition, slavery, peasant proprietorship, wages, remedies for low wages, profits, rent, value, money, credit, paper currency, distribution, taxation, etc. But the most remarkable chapters are those in which he describes the probable future of the laboring classes. He is an advocate for education in its fullest and widest extent, the political enfranchisement of women, free trade, industrial co-operation, the extension of the franchise, and of all measures which have for their object the improvement of the social, moral, intellectual, and physical condition of the people.

In his "Essay on Liberty," published in 1859, Mr. **Mill** feelingly alludes to the loss of his wife, who had been the partner and often the guide of his literary labors, and whose death for a long time clouded with sorrow the sunshine of his domestic hearth. But his mind could not long remain unoccupied with its favorite pursuits, and the "Essay on Liberty" was speedily followed by others on "Representative Government" and "Utilitarianism." He has also published a collection of his "Dissertations and Discussions." These works are, however, far from representing the whole of his literary labors.

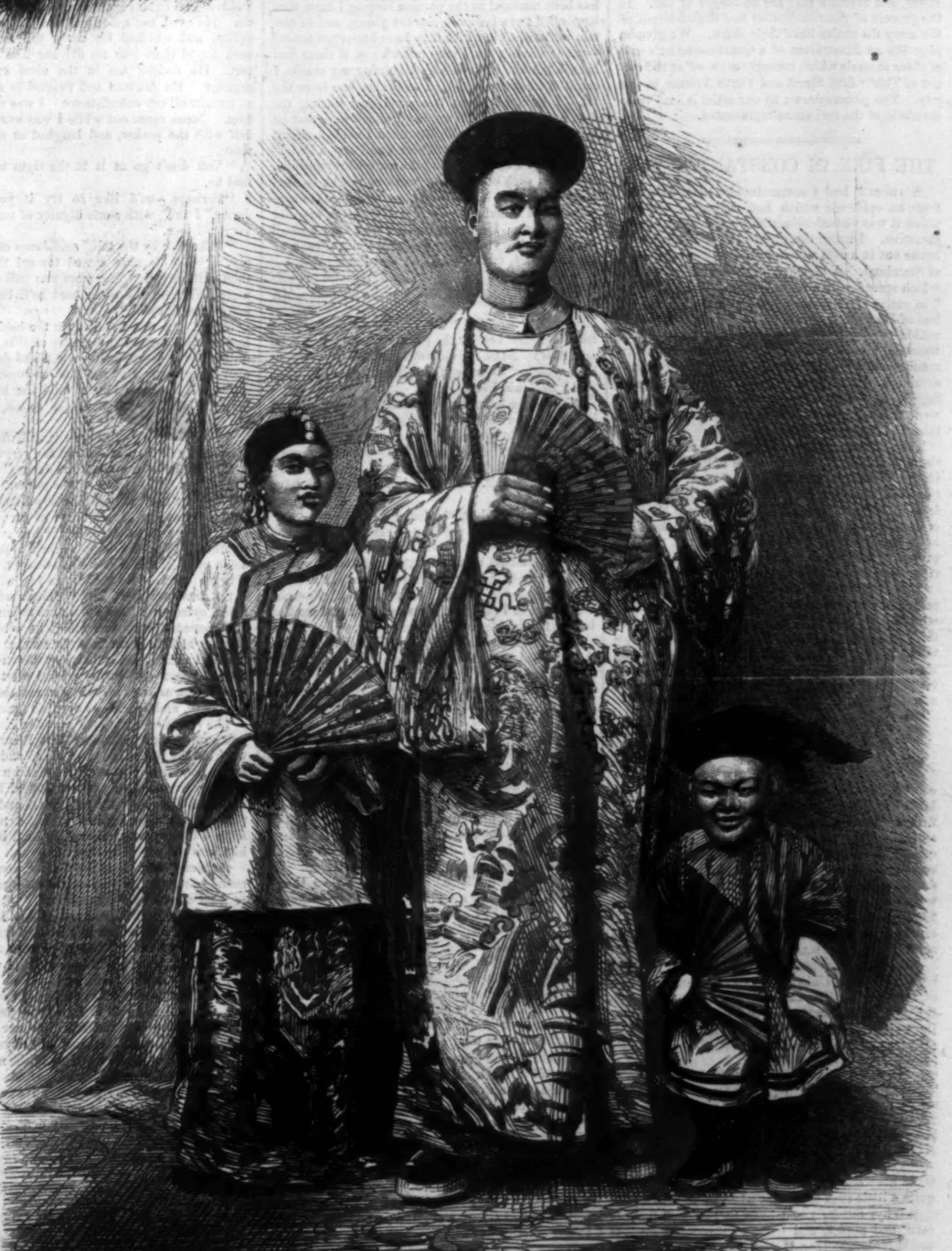
His work on political economy has been translated into French, German, and Italian; and is said to have been selected as a text-book in the examination of those intended for the diplomatic service of Russia. Mr. **Mill** has been elected a member of many learned societies, and has had various honorary degrees conferred on him; but while appreciating the feelings which prompted the bestowal of these marks of popular approval, he has shown that it is not title or applause which he covets, but the retention of the proud distinction, so laboriously earned by him, of being the foremost exponent of those doctrines which have for their aim "the securing of the greatest happiness of the greatest number." Of course, like all original thinkers, he could not fail to find many differing from the views entertained by him; yet so pure and unblemished is his personal character, that whatever may be the diversity of opinion respecting the soundness of his doctrines, the name of **John Stuart Mill** will always be regarded by every impartial person as that of one whose pen was ever ready on the side of freedom, enlightenment, and progress.

THE CHINESE GIANT.

We give on this page a portrait of the great giant, **Chang**, nineteen years of age, born in the city of Fy-Chow, of highly respectable Chinese parentage, and lately arrived in London for the purpose of displaying his wonderful stature to little Englishmen. He is accompanied by his wife, whose name, **King-Foo**, signifies "The Fair Lily," and who looks like any other Chinese lady, having the small, compressed feet which belong to her sex and social rank in that country. A dwarf, called **Chung**, who stands but three feet high, and is not so well-proportioned a figure as General **Tom Thumb**, attends the giant, and enhances the exhibition of his size by contrast. The portraits of this group, in our engraving, are copied from an excellent photograph taken by the London Stereoscopic Company. The height of **Chang** is seven feet eight inches; his weight about twenty stone. He has a good slim shape, and a mild, agreeable face, with the prominent cheek-bones and narrow, oblique eyelids of the Mongol race. He wears a brocaded robe of white silk, with a massive string of beads round his neck, a fan in his hand, a cap on his head, and thick white sandals under his feet. He seems to be an intelligent person; has received a literary education, his father, **Chang-Tzing**, being an eminent Confucian scholar; and his autobiography, which he has for sale, expresses a vein of cheerful moral sentiment which does equal credit to the head and heart of its author. He is said to be an affectionate husband, and he is kind to little **Chung**. We are told that **Chang**—or, as he is called, on account of his bigness, **Chang-Woo-Gow**—had a sister, **Chen-Yow-Tzu**, who was ten inches taller than himself, but who unfortunately died when she had just attained the age of womanhood. His brother, **Chang-Sou-Gow**, the brave, is not so tall by six inches as **Chang-Woo-Gow**, but is of extraordinary stoutness and strength, weighing 400 pounds; he is an officer in the Imperial army at Foo-Chow. Their father, who died two years ago, was also a giant; but their mother is of the usual size.

THE HORSE "DEXTER."

On page 681 we give a picture of the remarkable horse **Dexter**, who has made probably the fastest time on record. Dexter was raised by **Johna-**



CHANG, THE CHINESE GIANT, AND HIS COMPANIONS.

than Hawkins, near Montgomery, Orange County, New York. He is seven years old, 15 hands 2 inches high, and brown in color, except his feet, which are white, and a white strip on his face. He was sired by Rysdick's Hambletonian out of Star Mare. In the race at Fashion Course, Long Island, on the 10th instant, Mr. E. V. W. Snedeker wagered $5000 to $1000 that the horse could not trot a mile in 2 minutes and 19 seconds. He was allowed three trials, to go as he pleased. There were between three and four thousand persons present. The betting was largely against the horse, many persons having offered odds of ten to one that he would not make the required time. Dexter went under saddle, and was ridden by John Murphy. The horse won the match, trotting the mile at the first trial in two minutes eighteen and one-fifth seconds, and making the best time on record. Flora Temple's best time was 2.19¾ in harness; and Butler made 2.20 under saddle. Every body was surprised at the time made. All the old trotters had laughed at the idea of a horse making 2.19 in October. Dexter went to the "quarter" in 34 seconds, to the half mile in 1.06½. The best judges claim that if he had not broken between the "half" and "three-quarter" poles he would have made the mile in 2.16. He is estimated by his owner at from $25,000 to $30,000. Mr. J. Hawkins, who raised Dexter, has a brother to him, the picture of Dexter—color brown, with four white feet and white strip in face—the same marks as the dam. He has named him Kersarge, and he refused $5000 for him the day Dexter trotted. Mr. Rysdick last year refused $35,000 for Hambletonian.

SALES OF GOVERNMENT MULES.

The war over, all that vast and intricate machinery upon which its successful prosecution has depended falls to pieces. The Government not only finds that it has larger armies than it knows what to do with, but also that it has on hand ships, and stores, and animals that are no longer of use. In the process of disorganization and disbandment of the army the mules have their share. We give on page 680 an illustration of a Quarter-master's sale of these animals which recently came off at the corner of Thirty-fifth Street and Tenth Avenue, in this city. The picture drawn by our artist is very characteristic of the real scene represented.

THE FIRE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

Scarcely had Constantinople been delivered from an epidemic which had decimated the city when it was visited by another scourge not less destructive. During the night of September 5 a fire broke out in a café which destroyed a great portion of Stamboul. A violent north wind fed the flames, which spread with a rapidity that defied resistance. The entire neighborhood between the port and the Sea of Marmora formed one vast bonfire, in which, within twenty hours, were involved eight or nine thousand houses, seven baths, ten mosques, an Armenian and a Greek church. Three stone *caravanserails*, or hotels, did not escape the fury of the conflagration; their heavy iron doors and window-posts were twisted, and all the stores which they contained were burned to cinders.

The firemen and the soldiers composing the garrison, stimulated by the presence of the Sultan, the Grand Vizier, and many others of rank, conducted themselves with great gallantry, and preserved at least the shipping in the Sublime Porte, the Ministry of Justice, and the *Defter-Hane*, or place where are kept the archives of the empire and the titles to property, the loss of which would have been a terrible misfortune to the Government.

The Hippodrome, the palace gardens, and the mosques were crowded with thousands of families who had there sought refuge from the fire. The destruction was immense, and, added to the devastation of the cholera, has made wretched many thousand homes in Stamboul. Every effort is being made by the Government and by private citizens to afford relief to those suffering most severely.

FIRE IN THE OIL REGIONS.

We illustrate on page 685 the great fire which occurred on the 9th instant at "Grant" well, in Pit Hole City, Pennsylvania. There have been great fires at the oil wells before, but none so destructive as this. The "Grant" well, which caught fire first, contained 4000 barrels of oil. From this well the conflagration spread in all directions. Thirteen derricks and engine-houses on the following leases were destroyed: Nos. 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, and 23, on the "Hoemder Farm," and Nos. 2, 4, and 5, on the "Morey Farm," covering a surface of five acres. The total loss is estimated at $150,000.

All of the oil belonged to the owners of the land interest and the United States Petroleum Company of New York. The tanks, building, and property belonged to the owners of the working interest in the well, and was insured for $29,000 in the Associated Company of New York.

OUR PORKER.

"A pig!" I exclaimed in great astonishment, pausing in the act of helping Nellie to a slice of the steak. We were at breakfast.

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Dobb, "a pig. We could keep one just as well as not, and it would be quite a little item of saving, when meat is so high."

"Why, Susan, you'd have to buy food for it—corn, and apples, and I don't know what all—it would cost more than it would come to."

"No," persisted my wife, "it would not, James. Father always kept a pig."

"But he lived in the country."

"That makes no difference. I was talking with neighbor Jones about it over the fence yesterday, and he said we threw away swill enough every day to keep ten pigs."

"I should like to know what Jones knows about our swill," said I.

"Why, he judged from his own experience, James. He keeps a pig."

"And while we are on the subject, Susan, I'll just take the opportunity to say that I don't approve of your flirting with married men over the fence."

"James, do be serious! Flirting, indeed—with pigs and swill for a basis of conversation. You just want to vex me."

"Oh, pigs are a pretext; any thing will do for a pretext when a woman is determined to flirt. I knew a woman once who tried to use a portrait of her dead grandmother as a pretext for a flirtation. And as for Jones—"

"Now, James, you *shall* not go on in that way; before the children, too. Look at Nellie's eyes."

"Perhaps you'll pretend," I continued, "that Jones didn't bring you a bunch of his Isabellas at the same time—"

"Yes, and you ate the best part of them last evening yourself, for I saved them for you, and you know Mr. Jones's grapes are much superior to ours; I'm sure I'm thankful for all he gives me. Will you get a pig for me, James, or won't you?"

"Oh, if you ask it as a favor, Susan, of course I will. I'll get you any thing that will be a source of pleasure to you, you know; but if you want a pig for a pet, don't try to pretend it's for economy's sake."

"A pet!" pouted Susan. "How ridiculous you are! I detest pets."

"Then why don't you avoid them, my dear?"

"What *are* you driving at? I do."

"Why, you are in one now, Susan. Be calm. The coffee will get cold."

Mrs. Dobb gave me one despairing look, and then poured the coffee. Before I left the house I had promised to see about getting a pig.

Now if there is any eatable animal I know less about than I do about another, it is the pig. I remember having seen pigs alive when I was a boy; but since I grew up my knowledge of the species has been confined to the porcine corpses I have seen suspended from hooks in market-places, and to certain works of art in which they have been represented—not in landscapes, I may remark; so if there had been a market for live pigs adjoining my studio I could not have selected an available one from the lot. I thought about it a good deal during the day, and the result of my meditations was, that on my homeward way in the afternoon I made a circuit around by the residence of Peter Van Popp, a Dutchman whom I employed to take care of my garden, and to do such other heavy work as might be necessary about the house from time to time. On consultation, I found that Peter was just the man for the business. He had a brother who kept a small farm up in the vicinity of Schraalenburgh, back of the Palisades, on the Hudson; and Peter said:

"Next week I goes oop to see Hans, and my vife she goes along, too, so I brings you a pig home, Mr. Topp."

"Good!" said I. "I'll pay your fare for your trouble, Peter, besides the price of the pig. A good one, now! None of your snub-nosed, pug-eyed fellows, you know—a sleek, intelligent one."

"Yah," said Peter.

A few days later the pig came. I was just leaving the house to go down town when I met Peter with the pig in a bag.

"I got him," Peter remarked—very unnecessarily, however, for the pig announced the fact loudly in his own behalf. Nothing but a pig could have squealed so.

"Where I put him?" asked Peter.

"Oh, put him in the barn," said I. There is a barn attached to our house, but there was nothing in it. Animated by a desire to put the barn to some useful purpose, I bought a cow and put her in there last summer, but she gave no milk after the second week, and so I sold her. I was glad I had another tenant for the barn.

But Peter shook his head. That wouldn't do. A barn was no place for a pig. I would have to have a pen, he said.

"It would hardly do to let him run in the garden, I suppose," I said, musingly. "Can you build a pen, Peter?"

Yah, Peter said he could; and so I sent him off after tools and materials, leaving the pig tied to a tree by one leg. My family gathered about the new-comer and viewed him with deep interest. He was a little fellow, but healthy, as was proved by the capacity of his lungs.

"Mercy!" cried Susan, "what a noise it makes! He must be hungry, James." Susan's experience with babies encouraged her to this conclusion.

"I know what'll make more noise than that," said my Fred, with a roguish twinkle in his eyes.

"What is it?" I asked, to encourage my son.

"Two more pigs," said Fred.

When I came home at night the pig was fast asleep in his pen on a heap of straw, and I felt quite a pride in him. I had secret hopes of my own in regard to him, though I did not impart them to Susan. He only cost $2—that is, *per se*. The pen cost about $10 more; and Peter's fare brought the sum total up to $14 83.

I watched the growth of our porker with a high degree of interest. The swill-pail always stood by the side of the wood-house door, and, though it was not an agreeable object in an æsthetic point of view, I could not for some time get over a vexatious kind of curiosity as to its contents. I found some strange things in it sometimes—viewed as articles of food; one of Fred's boots, for instance, or a pair of scissors, or a tea-spoon. Once, when I found a silver fork in the swill, I remonstrated with the servant-girl—a stupid German creature, who had succeeded to our intelligent Bridget when the latter got married.

"It is not so much that I care for the silver, Katrine," said I, "but I don't want the porker choked to death in his prime."

My wife discharged Katrine, in an impatient moment, soon after this, because the girl threw into the swill-pail four quarts of rich cream-covered milk that had been procured with great trouble from the country, to make a prize pudding for a dinner party that I gave to some of my friends. Katrine was pure city-bred, and had never seen such looking milk before in her life; she supposed it spoiled, and into the swill-pail it went.

We had had our porker about a month, and he had grown with marvelous celerity. The condition of affairs in my back garden occupied a very large share of my attention; for though small, it had been very liberally stocked and diligently cared for, and there was quite a rivalry between my neighbor Jones and myself in this matter. Jones boasted of very superior erudition in these things, and being a gentleman of leisure he had more time to look after them than I had; but I struggled hard not to be distanced. There was no disputing the point of Jones's Isabellas being rather ahead of mine, but in most respects I felt myself his peer. September showed our garden rich with abundance of tomatoes, cabbages, onions, beets, beans, and so on, while the apple-tree, the two plum-trees, and the grape-vines hung heavy with their load.

One day our porker got out of his pen, and went rooting around in the garden with a tumultuous exercise of his sudden freedom. Of course those women never saw him; it was washing-day, I believe. The havoc he had made by the time I came home at night was thrilling to witness. Nobody could tell how long he had been out of his pen; but judging by the devastation I witnessed he must have been out since morning. Tennyson's verse in "Maud" may give a faint indication of my emotions as I stood in the back-door that evening:

> "The roots of my hair were stirred....
> And my pulses closed their gates with a shock on my heart."

There was nothing to do now, however, but to put him back in the pen. As he had grown porker had developed a very ugly expression of countenance, and as I looked at him now, with his tushes protruding in a most villainous way, I confess he was not a cheerful sight for a timid man. However, I got a big stick and went at him with loud "shoos" and extravagant flourishings of my weapon. He eyed me quietly out of his vicious little optics, and whisked his curly tail defiantly. I soon found there was no driving him back to his pen. He dodged me in the most exasperating manner. He doubled and twisted in a way to set at naught all my calculations. I was no match for him. Jones came out while I was exercising myself with the porker, and laughed at me over the fence.

"You don't go at it in the right way, Dobb," said he.

"Perhaps you'd like to try it yourself, Mr. Jones," I said, with some dignity of manner and a very red face.

"Take him by the tail," said Jones calmly, in reply. "Get his nose aimed toward the pen, and then pull his tail. The more you pull one way the more he'll pull the other, and he'll be in the pen before you know it."

Susan, who was standing on the back steps looking at me, laughed so heartily at this, that I felt quite good-humored again, and asked Jones to come over and give us the benefit of his superior wisdom. After a little more banter, and the handing of a splendid cluster of Isabellas to Susan, he climbed the fence.

"Now Dobb," said Jones, "we'll form a line—you and I and Mrs. Dobb and the servant girl."

"I beg to be excused, Mr. Jones," laughed Susan, with a timid glance at the porker.

"My dear madam," said Jones, gallantly, "there's no danger at all. I am quite in earnest, I assure you. It is a pig's nature to yield to overwhelming numbers. We have only to form a line and close down upon him in a sort of a crescent, and he will give up the struggle at once, as you will see."

So it was undertaken. Porker stood by the fence, eying us with a deep expression of interest. We moved down upon him; he wheeled about, snorted, and then made a dive at us, or rather at me, and whish! he went right between my legs, so that I sprawled on the ground most ungracefully. Susan and the servant girl ran screaming into the house, and Jones was over his fence in no time.

The result of it was, we sent for Peter. It had now grown somewhat dark, but Peter made short work of the job. He got a rope, and took in his other hand the big stick I had been flourishing; then he went up to porker, fetched him one tremendous blow over the proboscis, and while poor piggy was staggering and seeing a million stars, slipped the rope over one of his hind legs, and had him into the pen in a trice.

"Peter," said I after that, "you may come round to-morrow, if you are not engaged, and gather what's left of the vegetables."

He did so. There was a good deal left, after all. Porker's havoc was greater in appearance than in reality. Peter stored the cellar with abundance—among other things, with a nice lot of very superior beans in the soft pods, which lay there till they got mouldy, and were fit for nothing but swill.

I remember, as if it were but yesterday, the morning those beans were fed to our pig. I was going out of town to be gone three days, on business of importance. I saw a supply of the mouldy beans fed to the porker, and then I departed. To say that I did not think of my pig while I was away would be to state an untruth. I did think of him. Though lost to sight he was to memory dear.

I am seldom away from home, and consequently I am missed when I am away—and my welcome on returning is wont to be of the most affectionate description. But on this occasion, greatly to my surprise, Susan was not in the front hall to greet me. I waded through the children into the back part of the house, where Susan was. I fancied she looked at me with a half-frightened air, but I took her fondly to my arms, and was about imprinting a rapturous kiss on her lips when my eye chanced to go out the window, and I suspended the kiss midway of delivery. The door of the pig-pen stood wide open, and there was a peculiar aspect of desolation about it.

"Where's our porker?" I asked, postponing the kiss *pro tempore*.

"Our porker," said Mrs. Dobb, gravely, "is in his grave."

"Good Heavens!" I cried, "dead!" and immediately went out to look at his deserted abode.

I was quite calm by dinner-time, and informed Susan that I was ready to hear the particulars of the sad event.

"Well, James," she commenced, "you know you directed those beans to be fed to him."

"Oh, that's it! I thought it would be laid at my door in some manner, notwithstanding the little circumstance that I was over two hundred miles away. Well, proceed."

"So the girl gave him beans for dinner, and beans for supper, and the next morning she went out with some more, and then I heard her scream. I went out, and there he was—swelled up—oh, dreadfully—twice as large as life, dear—and lying on his side and kicking his legs faintly. Neighbor Jones looked over the fence and asked what the matter was—"

"With a bunch of Isabellas, doubtless."

"And when we told him he came over to see the pig, and said pooh, he wasn't dead; that he knew what was the matter with the pig; bloated stomach; he could cure him. Have you got any brandy? said he. Yes, I told him we had, and came in the house and got a bottle."

"What! that S. O. P. brandy?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, dear—of course."

"Good gracious! And you gave that fifteen-dollar brandy to that miserable two-dollar pig!"

"Yes, dear, but it did no good. Then neighbor Jones bled him—"

"The savage!"

"And that did no good either. So at last we gave it up, and neighbor Jones had his man bury it in the garden."

"Mrs. Dobb," I asked, "do you mean to tell me that you have buried that dead hog in our garden?"

"No, dear—in Mr. Jones's garden."

A sudden idea crossed my mind.

"Well, upon my word!" I responded. "It seems we are not even to have the benefit of the carcass as a fertilizer of the soil! This caps the climax."

"What do you mean, James?"

"Why, Susan, don't you know that dead animals enrich the soil when they are buried in it, decomposing, and supplying ammonia and phosphoric acid and things, that make the vegetables grow big?"

"James, how can you talk such stuff?"

"Stuff! Not a bit of it. Jones knows all about it. That's the way he fertilizes his garden. He's got a dead dog and three dead cats buried at the foot of his grape-vines—which accounts for the superiority of his Isabellas, my dear."

"Mr. Dobb, if you don't stop I shall leave the table," said Susan, in great disgust.

So I stopped, like a dutiful husband. But Susan hasn't eaten a grape from Jones's garden since.

We have had the pig-pen cleaned up nicely for the children, and they use it for a play-house. It makes a very good play-house.

THE HAUNTED BELFRY.

Ghost stories and old wives' tales were never looked upon by me with any other feelings than that of contempt and utter incredulity. My nature is unideal to the last degree; it is hard and practical, as my father's was before me. When I was a mere boy I made no more scruple of wandering among the tombstones of Schnaupflyn church-yard at dead of night than I would of going to the well for a pail of water in broad day. I used to think that I should like very much to have a ghost, ten yards high, all in white, come and sit down by me upon old Herr Schnaupf's tomb some cheerful evening in November, and hold a comfortable chat with me on the subject of Demonology; but I had no hope that it ever would do so, because I utterly disbelieved in the existence of any thing of the sort. And I may say it never did do it. Our servant-girl, Rebecca, used to try to frighten me with ghost stories when I was very little, and was left alone in her care of an evening; but the only effect of her eloquence was that she would talk herself into such a tremulous state of terror that if I said "Pooh!" at the end of one of her ghastly tales it would give her such a start that she would immediately put the last number of the Schnaupflyn *Advocate* on the fire, to make it blaze up cheerfully in the broad kitchen fire-place.

The haunted belfry stood upon the roof of a stone building in my native Schnaupflyn, known as the Gross Haus, which, on its part, stood at the head of the broad street in our village known as Măkeben Avenue—after old Măkeben Schnaupf, from Todstadt, am Rhein, who came to America many, many years ago, and, settling here, gave name to the village also. He made cigars for a living in the old country, and having got together a fortune of some five hundred dollars in that fragrant business by the time he was forty years old, Herr Schnaupf married him a wife, came to this country, bought him some wild land in the woods, built him a log-cabin, and established the basis of an aristocracy which exists at the present day in the shape of the Schnaupfs of Schnaupflyn aforesaid. These descendants, however, owing to that disagreeable legend of the haunted belfry (or to some other thing which might not tell so well in behalf of my story, and may therefore be passed by as a profound mystery), had not for a great number of years chosen to occupy the old stone building, although Herr Măkeben had erected it for a family mansion, and had occupied it as such for some years. Nor had these descendants even taken pains to keep the Gross Haus in repair. At the earliest time of which I have any recollection of it (which was when I was a very small boy) its windows were all blown out, its chimneys clogged with rubbish, its winding staircases and the boards of its floors half rotted away, the great wooden steps that once led up to the lofty front-door also decayed and quite gone; but its sturdy stone-walls stood unshaken, and the old oaken beams of the floors were yet stanch and true.

The steps being rotted away, and the threshold of the principal entrances at both front and rear standing high up from the ground, there was but one way of entrance to the Haus, to wit, through the dark and mouldy basement. Once in, there were ingenious modes by which boys or monkeys could proceed from floor to floor notwithstanding the absence of stairways—even into the tall stone belfry that stood seemingly on the crumbling roof, but really on a solid pile of masonry that reached to the ground itself. That was a breezy look-out over the village, and I have spent many an hour there, climbing up into the narrow top where the old bell used to hang, and peering out the little stone windows—miniatures of those lower down—into the branches of the tall sycamore where birds built their nests, or out upon the landscape beyond the village, or into the deep woods at the back of the Haus; or sitting astride a beam of the belfry floor and trying to imagine the storied Margherita Schnaupf munching bread at my side.

The legend ran in this wise, as our Rebecca used to tell it me in those nights by the kitchen fire: Herr Schnaupf had a daughter, Margherita, who lived in the old Haus with him. (He had also, in very truth, a half-score or so of other children, either at that time or later, but the legend does not say any thing at all about them.) When Margherita was a blooming lass of sixteen she had the misfortune to fall, as blooming lasses of sixteen will, in love with a thriftless young scape-grace named Darius Debtin, son of a shoemaker in the village. After having treated his daughter to severe parental admonition on the subject, without the desired effect, old Schnaupf one day, in a high rage, locked Margherita up in the belfry and gave her a loaf of his ancestral black bread for company. Young Debtin, wandering disconsolate in the woods back of the Haus, on the following Sunday, was amazed at seeing a chunk of bread fall at his feet, in which was stuck a note from Margherita in the belfry, praying him to rescue her at any hazard. Young Debtin tore his hair out in handfuls, and stamped the ground in a rage, and then went down to the village tavern and got drunk out of hand. Thus fortified, he proceeded to the Haus, boldly mounted the tall steps, rapped at the door with a ponderous stick with which he had provided himself, and demanded to see Herr Schnaupf. He was shown into the old gentleman's office, and that was the last that ever was heard of him. That night the bell up in the belfry began to toll dismally, and Herr Schnaupf went up in a terrible passion to trounce Margherita for disturbing his slumbers. There he found the poor girl dead, with the loaf of schwartzbrod untouched by her side—save where she had broken off the piece which she had thrown down to Darius her lover. She had starved to death. After that, on each Sunday night the old bell set up its solemn tolling, much to Herr Schnaupf's distress; and at last, unable to endure it longer, he strode up to the belfry, and, assisted by one of his men, took the bell down and threw it to the ground, where it lay half-buried but unbroken, and where I often saw it when I was a boy. You may ask why Herr Schnaupf put a belfry on the building he used as a residence; I answer that I do not know why he did it, but that he did do it is very certain, for there it stands to this day, as you may see whenever you come to Schnaupflyn. As for the legend itself, of course I never believed a word of it. Still less did I believe the nonsensical stories about the ghosts of the lovers wandering over the old Haus at night, or waving their arms from the empty belfry.

Years passed, and still the old building remained untenanted, and grew more gloomy and rotten with the lapse of time. For a period of ten years I had lived away from Schnaupflyn, at school, at college, and subsequently at the excellent theological seminary where I tried hard to become an orthodox divine of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

When I came back to Schnaupflyn I was quite wealthy; my family as influential in its way as the aristocratic Schnaupfs themselves. I determined to erect a chapel and gather a flock around me. While looking about for a site, I came upon the old Gross Haus—still unoccupied and in a wretched condition. I resolved to buy it and convert it to my uses; and did. I doubted if there were a dozen people in Schnaupflyn then who would recall the old bugaboo story that Rebecca told me by the kitchen fire except to laugh at it. For several weeks thereafter carpenters, masons, and painters were at work on the old Haus; partitions were taken down, floors were relaid, the walls were replastered, inside and outside nicely painted, and a lightning rod put up, whose fork pointed heavenward from the peak of the old belfry. The bell was unearthed and hung in its old place, high up in the belfry—so high that it could not be reached without the aid of a ladder.

It seemed, after all, that there were not wanting in Schnaupflyn a number of old grannies of both sexes who were horrified at my audacity; not that they believed in the ghost-story, you know—oh, not that—we know there are no *such* things in these days—but it is so presumptuous in that young Smith to convert that old house, with its dreadful associations, into a place for the preaching of his infidel doctrines; and to call it a chapel, as if there were not churches enough in Schnaupflyn already for *honest* Christians, my dear; and to hang up that old bell too!

Nevertheless, I had a full house at the opening of my chapel, and the people looked about the spacious lecture-room with great curiosity and interest. In the evening the congregation was still larger. The Spiritualist fever had at this time begun to spread, and in Schnaupflyn it was at its height. I observed large numbers of the Spiritualists in my audience; I have always noticed that these people are very ready to hear the views of their opponents, without being in the least affected by them. On this occasion I attacked their ideas sharply. It is not necessary to give any outline of my argument, for this sketch is not written to make proselytes to a faith which I have since in great part rejected. I instanced, near the close of my sermon, the kinship these modern spiritualist notions bore to the old ghost-stories that frightened our grandmothers, and by way of illustration rehearsed the legend of the haunted belfry. I had barely concluded it when boom! boom! boom! the old bell overhead began to ring.

Great consternation ensued among my hearers. There was a general rush for the door, amidst which one or two women fainted, and a great many of them shrieked with affright. I closed the Bible before me and proceeded up the side stairway to the little gallery, where the bell-rope hung. A dozen men followed me. The rope drooped motionless, and still the bell tolled steadily and solemnly. Taking a lamp from its bracket I led the way to the belfry. The bell hung undisturbed, high up in the gloom overhead. It struck its last note as the light shone into the belfry; and then all was still.

But no sooner had we left the belfry than the solemn tolling recommenced. My companions at that descended the stairway in a body, some with scattering haste, and others with what dignity they could conveniently bring to bear on the effort. I returned to the belfry, and found that my presence was again the signal for a suspension of operations. A gust of wind extinguished the lamp; and then the bell began to toll again with redoubled energy. Shall I confess that for once my nerves were a little shaken? I do confess. I, also, descended the stairway.

The congregation had vacated the chapel, but there was a crowd of people outside whispering, muttering, and gazing up at the belfry, where the bell was still tolling in the darkness, with their mouths open, in many cases, as if they could assist their eyes and ears with that organ. The Spiritualists were greatly cheered and encouraged by my discomfiture.

"I wonder if he will dare to preach in the place again," I heard one say, as I passed by on my homeward way, after having instructed Thomas to put out the lights and lock the chapel door.

Next day, provided with a light ladder, I entered the belfry to institute a careful examination for the cause or causes which could have produced the phenomenon of the previous night. And having found it I laughed heartily over it. After which I destroyed it, and, to remove all possibility of its further operation, I descended and nailed the scuttle firmly in its place. Then I locked the attic door and put the key in my pocket.

The boy who swept out the chapel was below engaged in the discharge of his duties. I sternly called him to me. He dropped the broom and approached with terror in his countenance.

"So it was you, was it, Thomas?" I said.

"Me, Sir? No, Sir, it wasn't me. *What* was?"

"Very well," said I; "it doesn't matter. I have nailed down the scuttle. Hold your tongue about it, that's all."

"Yes, Sir," said Tom, with such an expression of utter bewilderment in his countenance that I was bewildered myself. It was clear enough that he knew nothing at all about the business.

I caused a notice to be inserted in the Schnaupflyn *Advocate*, which appeared on Wednesday, to the effect that the Rev. Henry Smith would again preach in the New Chapel on the following Sunday, and that at the evening meeting he would explain to his congregation the causes which had led to the mysterious disturbance of the previous Sabbath evening, and at once dispose of the foolish theories which were being set forth by the so-called Spiritualists concerning said disturbance.

You should have seen the crowd that thronged my little chapel when Sunday evening came. The aisles were literally packed with persons standing, and even the steps leading to the low platform that served me as a pulpit were occupied as seats. The very chair behind me I permitted to be taken by a feeble-looking widow woman of the name of Snuffle, who had known me when I was a boy, and who had lately become a trance medium, as I had been informed, who removed the chair to a point as remote from where I stood as she could possibly get it—which was not off the platform, however.

My sermon was a scathing denunciation of Spiritualism. I ridiculed the idea that spirits from another world should descend to the absurdity of knocking on walls, of sawing on fiddles, of tipping over tables, of ringing bells, and engaging generally in such tomfoolery as was worthy only of the theatrical stage or the juggler's "mystic circle."

"For all the manifestations of the so-called spirits," I remarked, "there is a simple explanation. I may not know in every instance precisely what that explanation is; but I know that it exists, and that it is in no way within the realm of the supernatural. In every case these phenomena are either produced by certain forces of nature with which we are not yet sufficiently familiarized, but which the onward march of intellectual discovery will ultimately unfold to us, as it has unfolded the mysteries which now serve us through the telegraph and the steam-engine; or they are nothing more than a trick, conceived of roguery, for purposes of gain or amusement. The mysterious ringing of the bell over this chapel on last Sunday night has been seized upon with peculiar avidity by these Spiritualists, and a hobgoblin legend of the early settlement days of this county has been revived to give color to these whimsical and preposterous imaginings of a diseased fancy. But I have examined into the causes of the interruption of last Sunday evening, and have taken measures which will prevent a repetition of the occurrence. I have laid the ghost—I have exorcised the spirit—and I have done it with such simple means as a hammer and nails. If these sounds again disturb you I give my Spiritualist friends permission to build up their beliefs to the highest altitude. But in the mean time—"

Boom! boom! boom!

The bell was tolling again. What could this mean? I paused in momentary consternation. Possibly my face paled.

"Glory to God!" cried Mrs. Snuffle, the trance medium, rising and stretching her hands over the agitated congregation, with her eyes upturned in an ecstasy. "I see, I see! The spirit of a beautiful woman is in the belfry! She floats in the air! Her hand rests on the iron tongue of the old bell, and its reverberations answer her touch! Hark! I see another! It is the shadowy form of—"

I heard no more; for slipping out of the church by the private door at the back of the pulpit, I ran to the foot of the old sycamore, and quietly took off my coat and boots. Then I went up into the tree, climbing in silence toward the swaying top.

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried in accents of terror a juvenile voice above among the leaves; "man a-comin'!"

At the same moment the bell ceased tolling.

"Don't be afraid of me, little boys," I said, as I came up to them, for there were three, and they were beginning to crawl out upon the branches, so that I feared they might fall and get hurt: "nobody shall treat you ill. Come down and do as I bid you, and I will give each of you a silver dollar."

When they got to the foot of the tree, and found that I wanted them to go into the chapel with me, they held back.

"Afore all of them folks!" cried Jo Snuffle; "jings!"

But the money was a tremendous temptation whose force there was no resisting; the trio followed me into the church, where Mrs. Snuffle (the mother of Jo) had just finished her harangue, and Mr. M'Moll, a prominent Spiritualist of the village, was about to follow her in a few remarks.

"The monstrous audacity of the Reverend Henry Smith," he commenced, "who growed up in this village as I may say—"

Here I tapped him on the shoulder, and he retired in good order. Then I produced my boys.

"I make no apology, my friends," said I, "for introducing in this manner the boys you see at my side. The degree of importance that has been attached to the performances for which they are responsible, justifies me in producing them. Joseph, you may tell the ladies and gentlemen what made the bell ring."

"Pull'n' th' string," said Jo, with a broad grin.

"Go on," said I; "tell us all about it."

"Mother she"—said Jo, twisting his cap in his hand, and addressing himself to me in preference to "all them folks"—"mother she took on so about it when they said you's agoin' to preach yere, an' said how 't she b'leved th' spurrits 'd ring th' ol' bell, me an' them two," pointing with his cap to his juvenile companions, "laid out fer some fun. I got inter the belfery an' tied my kite-string onter th' clapper, an' throw'd th' ball down t' Ike, an' he went up th' tree with it an' tied it onter a limb, an' when night come we went up an' pulled it—*didn't* we, Ikey?"

Ikey nodded vehemently.

"How did you get into the belfry, Joseph?" I asked.

"Shinned it up th' lightnin' rod," grinned Jo.

Then I permitted the boys to depart the way they came, after receiving their promise to meddle with the bell no more, and continued my sermon. Fortified by the case in hand, I proceeded with a line of convincing argument, which, however eloquent, I will refrain from putting into the story. And although it is to be confessed that I did not extinguish and destroy the Spiritualists of Schnaupflyn, who still flourish as of yore, I did completely and satisfactorily lay the ghost of the haunted belfry.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"I'll bet a sheep," said Old Meredith to his better half, "that our boy Otho is going crazy; fur he's grinnin' at the plow, he's grinnin' at the barn, and he's grinnin' to himself wherever he goes." "Sho! old man," said his wife, "you don't know nothin'. The critter's got a love-letter!"

◆

A dog is a good thing to have in the country. I have one that I have raised from a pup. He is a good stout fellow, and is a hearty barker and feeder. The man of whom I bought him said he was a thorough-bred, but he begins to have a mongrel look about him. He is a good watch dog, though the moment he sees any suspicious person about the premises he comes right into the kitchen and gets behind the stove. First we kept him in the house, and he scratched all night to get out. Then we turned him out, and he scratched all night to get in. Then we tied him up at the back of the garden, and he howled so that our neighbors shot at him twice before day-break. Finally we gave him away, and he came back, and now he is just returning from a fit in which he has torn up a patch that has been sown for our spring radishes.

◆

They kill pigs by steam in Chicago. A great iron claw, with five fingers, hooks out the pigs which are quarreling in the pen below, and lifts the porkers to a gibbet near by, and then plunges them again into scalding water. By the machine fifty porcines are killed, scalded, cleaned, split and hung in rows ready for salting, within an hour!

◆

A sailor, in giving his opinion of the religious denominations, said, "I like the Episcopalian best;" and when asked why, said, "in all other churches you must sit mum and takes the jaw, but in the Episcopal church you can jaw back."

◆

"My brudin," said a colored preacher, descanting on the difficulties of the sinner, "it am easy to row a boat over Niagary Falls, but a tremendous job to row it back again."

Innocent Creature!—An old lady wonders that, when the thread of the Atlantic cable was broken, the *Great Eastern* didn't give a tack or two, and so repair it. Her wonder is all the greater as she was assured they had a very good needle on board.

◆

A Social Contradiction.—Our "Juvenile Correspondent" says he can not make it out, but he finds that, with most of his acquaintances, he has "fallen out," through having neglected to "drop in."

◆

An Irishman who had returned from Italy, where he had been with his master, was asked, in the kitchen, "Yes, then, Pat, what is the lava I hear the master talking about?" "Only a drop of the crater," was Pat's reply.

◆

Marvelous Cure.—A young friend of ours who recently suffered from the presence of a sty in one of his eyes derived considerable benefit from the application of cold pigs.

◆

Hibernian Wit.—The Stockton *Independent* of Sept. 13 says: Yesterday afternoon, as an Irishman was driving a mule toward the race-track he was accosted by a man on horseback, as follows: "Well, Paddy, I see you have your brother along with you." To which the witty Hibernian quickly replied: "Yes, and be me sowl it's divilish glad we are to meet our father!"

◆

An Irish Paradox.—The Irish Fenians have committed a gross absurdity in their illegal drilling. The Fenian "circles" have been endeavoring to form themselves into squares.

◆

It is said that there was never but one man who wasn't spoiled by being lionized—he was a Jew, and his name was Daniel.

◆

Mons. Thiers, in consequence of a small consideration of $100,000, is going to devote himself to the composition of a new literary work, and, as a natural result, will bid farewell, "a long farewell," to political life. A profane breaker of words in Paris (we could give his address if necessary) says this is not the first time by many that he has heard of the "*Vale of Thiers.*"

◆

A CLUMSY SERVANT.

Oh, Nature! Nature! you're enough
To put a Quaker in a huff,
  Or make a martyr grumble;
Whenever something rich and rare,
On earth, at sea, or in the air,
Is left in your especial care,
  You always let it tumble.

You can't, like other folks, confine
Your talents to the hardware line,
  And break the trifles *they* break;
But, spurning any thing so small,
You take our nights and let them fall;
And every morning—worst of all—
  You go and let the day break.

You drop the rains of early spring
That set the wide world blossoming;
  You drop the beams that mellow
The grain toward the harvest-prime;
You drop, too, at the autumn time,
With breathings from a colder clime,
  The dead leaves, sere and yellow.

You drop and drop; and I've no doubt
You'll go on dropping things about,
  Through fine and stormy weather,
Until the day when you shall find
You're growing weary of mankind;
And then you'll soon make up your mind
  To drop us altogether!

◆

At a recent camp-meeting, a number of ladies continued standing on the benches, notwithstanding frequent hints from the minister to sit down. A reverend old gentleman, noted for his good humor, arose and said: "I think, if these ladies standing on the benches knew that they had holes in their stockings, they would sit down." The address had the desired effect: there was an immediate sinking into the seats. A young minister standing behind him, and blushing to the temples, said: "Oh, brother! how could you say that?" "Say that?" said the old gentleman. "It's a fact; if they hadn't holes in their stockings, I'd like to know how they could get them on!"

◆

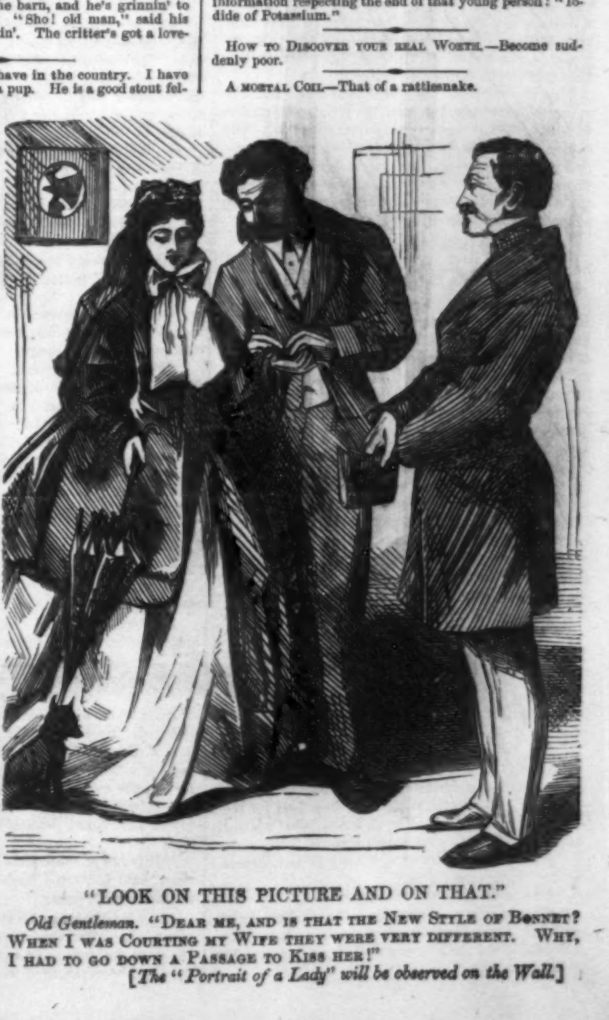
A Classical Error.—The late lamented Lempriere tells us that Io was changed into a heifer; but we have lately gleaned from a doctor's prescription the following piece of information respecting the end of that young person: "Iodide of Potassium."

◆

How to Discover your real Worth.—Become suddenly poor.

◆

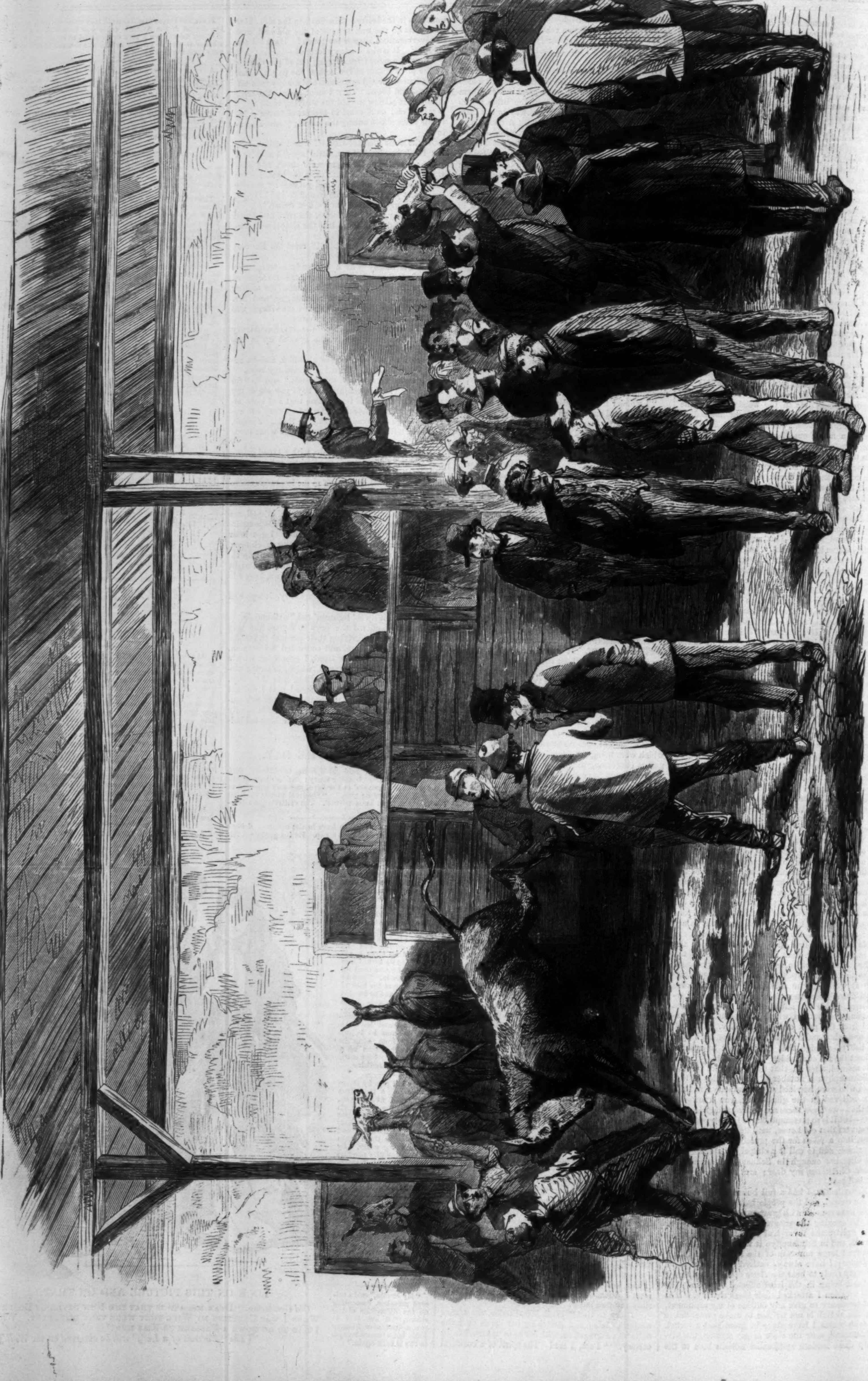
A mortal Coil.—That of a rattlesnake.



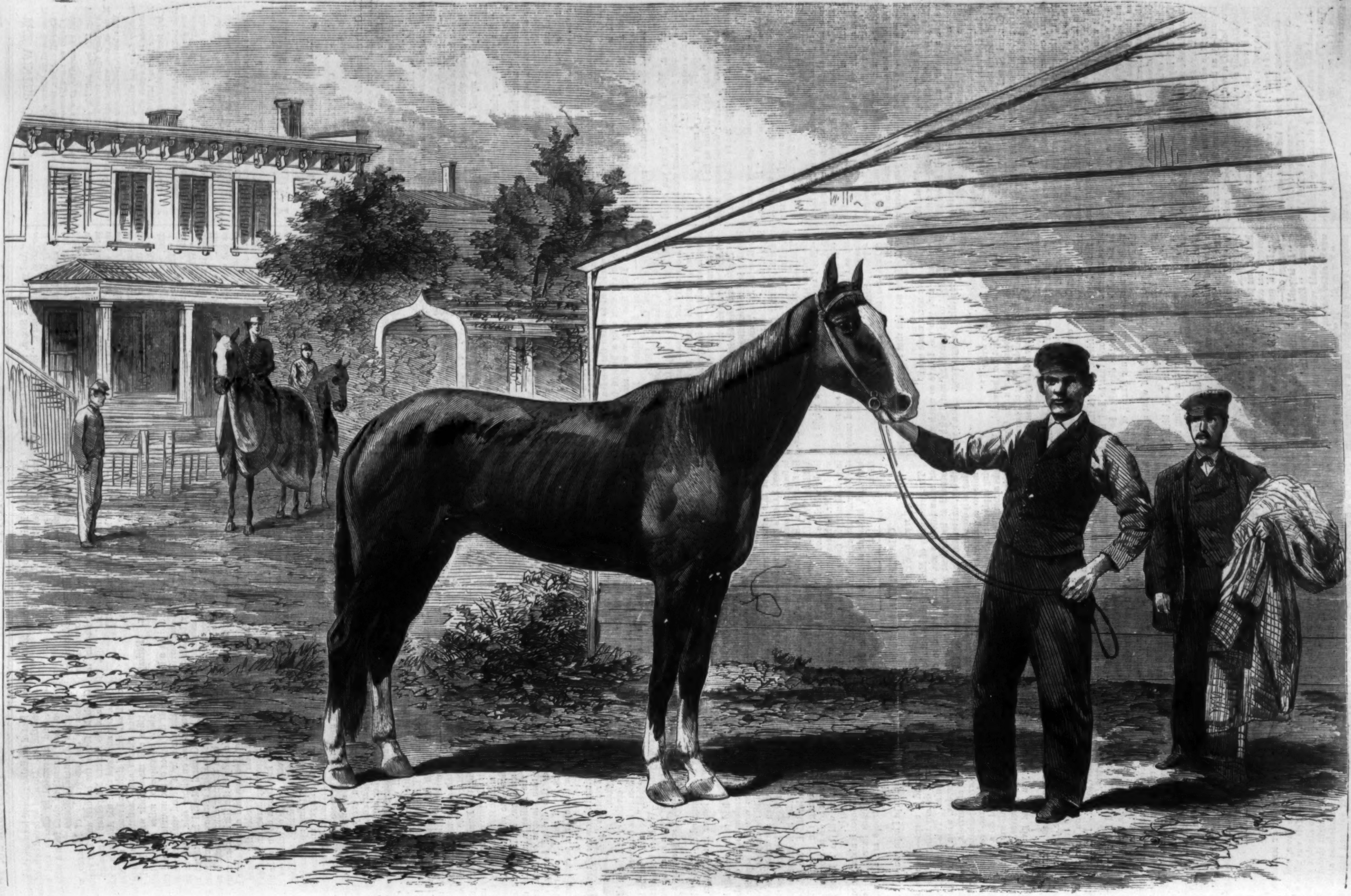
"LOOK ON THIS PICTURE AND ON THAT."

Old Gentleman. "Dear me, and is that the New Style of Bonnet? When I was Courting my Wife they were very different. Why, I had to go down a Passage to Kiss her!"

[*The "Portrait of a Lady" will be observed on the Wall.*]



SALE OF GOVERNMENT MULES AT THE CORNER OF THIRTY-FIFTH STREET AND TENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.—[See Page 678.]



"DEXTER," THE FASTEST TROTTING HORSE IN THE WORLD.—Photographed by A. Berger, Brooklyn.—[See Page 677.]

THE WINTER OF THE HEART.

There is a silent winter of the heart
When all our joys, like fading leaves, decay,
And hopes we nursed, like summer birds, depart;
And we, ourselves, grow weary by the way.

When Life looks dull, like some bleak landscape where
A solitary figure, through the storm,
Moves on, close wrapped against the frosty air,
With heavy, plodding step and bended form.

In chilly flakes the whirling snow comes down,
Driven in his face it strikes the traveler blind;
High over the gray hills the cold skies frown,
And like a houseless wanderer sobs the wind.

Thus looks the world to us when from the breast
The genial warmth that filled the heart is fled,
Leaving it like some chamber where the guest
Finds the warm fire they kindled for him dead.

So when our joys, like fading leaves, decay,
When all our hopes, like summer birds, depart,
And Love's bright altar-flames pale fast away,
Then is the silent winter of the heart.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,
Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER LX.

AT SEA.

OLIMPIA had said truly when she averred that Lord Castletowers was the only volunteer whom her father would refuse to enlist on any terms. When the young men met him presently at the door of the Trinacria, and he learned that they were about to follow the troops to Melazzo, he used every argument to turn them from the project.

"Think of Lady Castletowers," he said. "Remember how she disapproves of the cause."

"It is a cause which for the last seven years I have pledged myself to serve," replied the Earl.

"But you never pledged yourself to serve it in the field!"

"Because I never intended (through respect for my mother's prejudices) to place myself in a position that should leave me no alternative. I had not the remotest intention of coming here three weeks ago. If Montecuculi, or Vaughan, or yourself had urged me to take up arms for Sicily, I should have refused. But circumstances have brought me here; and having set my foot upon the soil, I mean to do my duty."

"It is a false view of duty," said Colonna. "You are peculiarly situated, and you have no right to act thus."

"You must blame fate—not me," replied the Earl.

"And you, Mr. Trefalden, have you asked yourself whether your adopted father would approve of this expedition?"

"My adopted father is a man of peace," replied Saxon, "and he loves me as he loves nothing else on earth; but he would sooner send me to my death than urge me to behave like a coward."

"God forbid that I should urge any man to do that," said Colonna, earnestly. "If the enemies' guns were drawn up before these windows, I would not counsel you to turn away from them; but I do counsel you not to go fifty miles hence in search of them."

"It is just as disgraceful to turn one's back upon them at fifty miles' distance as at fifty yards," said Saxon, who happened just then to be thinking of Miss Hatherton's hint about the goose and the golden eggs.

"But you were going to Norway," persisted Signor Colonna. "You only came out of your way to set me down in this place, and, having set me down, why not follow out your former plans?"

"Shall I tell you why, caro amico?" said the Earl, gayly. "Because we are young—because we love adventure and danger—and, above all, because we smell gunpowder! There—it is of no use to try discussion. We are a couple of obstinate fellows, and our minds are made up."

And Colonna, seeing that they were made up, wisely said no more.

General Sirtori had been made Pro-Dictator during the absence of Garibaldi; and Colonna, though he declined any recognized ministerial office, remained at Palermo to lead the revolutionary cabinet, and supply, as he had been supplying them for the last five-and-twenty years, the brains of his party. So the young men bade him farewell and set sail that evening at about eleven o'clock, taking with them a Palermitan pilot who knew the coast.

It was a glorious night, warm and cloudless, and lighted by a moon as golden and gorgeous as that beneath which the Grecian host sat by their watch-fires, "on the pass of war." A light but steady breeze filled the sails of the *Albula*, and crested every little wave with silver foam. To the left lay the open sea—to the right, the mountainous coast-line, dark and indefinite, with here and there a sparkling cluster of distant lights marking the site of some town beside the sea. By-and-by, as they left Palermo farther and farther behind, a vast, mysterious, majestic mass rose gradually above the seaward peaks, absorbing, as it were, all the lesser heights, and lifting the pale profile of a snowy summit against the dark blue of the sky. This was Etna.

The young men passed the night on deck. Unconscious of fatigue, they paced to and fro in the moonlight and talked of things which they had that day seen, and of the stirring times to come. Then, as the profound beauty and stillness of the scene brought closer confidence and graver thoughts, their conversation flowed into deeper channels, and they spoke of life, and love, and death, and that Hope that takes away the victory of the grave.

"And yet," said Saxon, in reply to some observation of his friend's, "life is worth having, if only for life's sake. Merely to look upon the sun and feel its warmth—to breathe the morning air—to see the stars at night—to listen to the falling of the avalanches, or the sighing of the wind in the pine forests, are enjoyments and privileges beyond all price. When I hear a man say that he does not care how soon he walks out of the sunshine into his grave, I look at him to see whether he has eyes that see and ears that hear like my own."

"And supposing that he is neither blind nor deaf, yet still persists—what then?"

"Then I conclude that he is deceiving himself or me—perhaps both."

"Why not put a more charitable construction upon it and say that he is mad?" laughed the Earl. "Ah, Saxon, my dear fellow, you talk as one who has never known sorrow. The love of nature is a fine taste—especially when one has youth, friends, and hope to help one in the cultivation of it; but when youth is past and the friends of youth are gone, I am afraid the love of nature is not alone sufficient to make the fag-end of life particularly well worth having. The sunshine is a pleasant thing enough, and the wind makes a grand sort of natural music among the pines; but you may depend that a time will come when the long-lost light of a certain pair of eyes, and 'the sound of a voice that is still,' will be more to you than either."

"I have never denied that," replied Saxon. "I only maintain that life is such a glorious gift, and its privileges are so abundant, that it ought never to seem wholly valueless to any reasoning being."

"That depends on what the reasoning being has left to live for," said the Earl.

"He has life to live for—life, thought, science, the glories of the material world, the good of his fellow-men."

"The man who lives for his fellow-men, and the man who lives for science, must both begin early," replied the Earl. "You can not take up either philanthropy or science as a pis-aller. And as for the glories of the material world, my friend, they make a splendid mise en scène; but what is the mise en scène without the drama?"

"By the drama, you mean, I suppose, the human interests of life?"

"Precisely. I mean that without love, and effort, and hope, and, it may be, a spice of hatred, all the avalanches and pine woods upon earth would fail to make the burden of life tolerable to any man with a human heart in his body. Your first sorrow will teach you this lesson—or your first illness. For myself, I frankly confess that I enjoy, and therefore prize, life less than I did when—when I believéd that I had more to hope from the future."

"I am sorry for it," said Saxon. "For my own part, I should not like to believe that any Neapolitan bullet had its appointed billet in my heart to-morrow."

"And yet you risk it."

"That's just the excitement of the thing. Fighting is like gambling. No man gambles in the hope of losing, and no man fights in the hope of being killed; but where would be the pleasure of either gambling or fighting if one placed no kind of value on the stakes?"

The Earl smiled and made no reply. Presently Saxon spoke again.

"But I say, Castletowers, a fellow might get killed, you know; mightn't he?"

"If the castle of Melazzo is half so strong a place as I have heard it is, I think a good many fellows will get killed," was the reply.

"Then—then it's my opinion—"

"That the stakes are too precious to be risked?"

"By Jove, no! but that I ought to have made my will."

"You have never made one?"

"Never; and, you see, I have so much money that I ought to do something useful with it, in case of any thing going wrong. Don't you think so?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Can you help me to write it?"

"I, my dear boy? Not for the world. We should be only sowing the seeds of a fine Chancery suit between us if I did. Wait till we reach Melazzo—there are plenty of lawyers in Garibaldi's army."

"I shall leave some of it to you, Castletowers," said Saxon.

"O king, live for ever! I want neither thy money nor thy life."

Saxon looked at his friend, and his thoughts again reverted to the words that he had heard in his cousin's office on the day when he first made acquaintance with Signor Nazari, of Austin Friars.

"Can you give me any idea of what a mortgage is?" he asked, presently.

"No one better," replied the Earl, bitterly. "A mortgage is the poison which a dying man leaves in the cup of his successor. A mortgage is an iron collar which, while he wears it, makes a slave of a free-born man, and, when he earns the right to take it off, leaves him a beggar."

"You speak strongly."

"I speak from hard experience. A mortgage has left me poor for life, and you know what my poverty has cost me."

"But if means could be taken to pay that mortgage off—"

"It is paid off," interrupted Lord Castletowers. "Every penny of it."

"Would you mind telling me how much it was?" asked Saxon, hesitatingly.

"Not at all. It was a very large sum for me, though it may not sound like a very large sum to you. Twenty-five thousand pounds."

Saxon uttered a half-suppressed exclamation.

"Will you let me ask one more question?" he said. "Did you owe this money to a man named Behrens?"

"How do you know that?"

"Never mind—only tell me."

"Yes. To Oliver Behrens—a London man—the same who bought that outlying corner of our dear old park, and, confound him! had the insolence to build a modern villa on it."

"And you have really paid him?"

"Of course I have paid him."

"How long ago?"

"Two years ago, at the least. Perhaps longer."

Saxon put his hand to his forehead in a bewildered way. A doubt—a dark and terrible doubt that had never been wholly banished—started up again in his mind, and assumed for the first time distinct and definite proportions.

"And now, having answered all your questions by the book, I shall expect you to answer mine," said Lord Castletowers.

"Pray do not ask me any," said Saxon, hurriedly.

"But I must do so. I must know where you heard of Oliver Behrens, and how you came to know that he was my father's mortgagee. Did Mr. Trefalden tell you?"

Saxon shook his head.

"And this is not the first time that you have asked me whether I am in debt," urged the Earl. "I remember once before—that day, you know, at home, when Montecuculi came—you seemed to think I had some money trouble on my mind. Surely it can not be Mr. Trefalden who has given you this impression?"

"No—indeed, no."

"Because he knows my affairs as well or better than I know them myself."

"He has never spoken to me of your affairs, Castletowers—never," said Saxon, earnestly.

"Then who else has been doing so? Not Vaughan? Not Colonna?"

But Saxon entreated his friend not to urge any more questions upon him, and with this request, after one or two ineffectual remonstrances, the Earl complied.

And now it was already dawning day. The moon had paled and sunk long since, and a faint mist, above which the great mountain towered, ghost-like, with its crown of snow and smoke, had spread itself along the coast. Presently the light in the east grew brighter and wider, and a strange, glorious color—a color compounded, as it were, of rose and gold—flushed suddenly over the snow-fields of Etna. For a moment the grand summit seemed to hang as if suspended in the air, glowing and transfigured, like the face of the lawgiver to whom the Lord had spoken as a man speaketh unto his friend. Then, almost as suddenly as it had come there, the glory faded off and left only the pure sunshine in its place. At the same moment the mists along the coast began to rise in long vaporous lines about the sides of the mountain; and, by-and-by, as they drifted slowly away to the leeward, a long rocky promontory that looked like an island, but was, in fact, connected with the main land by a sandy flat, became dimly visible far away at sea.

"Ecco, signore—ecco la rocca di Melazzo!" said the Palermitan pilot.

But this announcement, which would have raised Saxon's pulse to fever heat half an hour before, now scarcely quickened the beating of his heart by a single throb. He was thinking of William Trefalden; vainly regretting the promise by which he had bound himself to repeat no word of Mr. Behrens's conversation; and enduring in silence the first shock of that vague and terrible mistrust which had now struck root in his mind, hereafter to flourish and bear bitter fruit.

CHAPTER LXI.

HEAD-QUARTERS.

THE promontory of Melazzo reaches out about four miles into the sea, curving round to the westward at its farthest point, so as to form a little bay, and terminating in a light-house. Consisting as it does of a chain of rocks varying from a mile to a quarter of a mile in breadth, and rising in places to a height of seven hundred feet, it looks almost like some sleeping sea-monster heaving its huge bulk half above the waters. Toward the main land these rocks end abruptly over against the little isthmus on which the town is built; and upon their lower terraces, frowning over the streets below, and protected by the higher cliffs beyond, the castle stands, commanding land and sea. It is a composite structure enough, consisting of an ancient Norman tower and a whole world of outlying fortifications. French, English, and Neapolitans have strengthened and extended the walls from time to time, till much of the old town, and even the cathedral, has come to be inclosed within their rambling precincts. In the year eighteen hundred and sixty this castle of Melazzo mounted forty guns of heavy calibre; so that the fanciful spectator, if he had begun by comparing the promontory to a sea-monster, might well have pursued his comparison a step farther, by likening the castle to its head and the bristling bastions to its dangerous jaws.

On the flat below, looking westward toward Termini and eastward toward Messina, with its pier, its promenade, and those indispensable gates without which no Italian town could possibly be deemed complete, stands modern Melazzo—a substantial, well-built place, washed on both sides by the sea. Immediately beyond the town gates, reaching up to the spurs of the inland mountains which here approach the shore, opens out a broad angle of level country, some six miles in width by three in depth. It is traversed by a few roads, and dotted over with three or four tiny hamlets. Here and there a detached farm-house or neglected villa lifts its flat roof above the vineyards and olive groves which cover every foot of available ground between the mountains and the sea. Divided by broad belts of cane-brake, and intersected by ditches and water-courses, these plantations alone form a wide outlying series of natural defenses.

Such is the topography of Melazzo, where Garibaldi fought the hardest and best contested battle of his famous Neapolitan campaign.

Having anchored the little *Albula* in a narrow creek well out of sight and reach of the Neapolitan guns, Saxon and Castletowers shouldered their rifles and made their way to Meri, a village about a couple of miles inland, built up against the slopes of the mountains, and cut off from the plain by a broad water-course with a high stone-wall on either side. It was in this village that General Medici had taken up his position while awaiting reinforcements from Palermo; and here the new-comers found assembled the main body of the Garibaldian army.

The *City of Aberdeen* had arrived some hours before the *Albula* and flooded the place with red-shirts. There were horses and mules feeding on trusses of hay thrown down in the middle of the narrow street; groups of volunteers cleaning their rifles, eating, drinking, smoking, and sleeping; others hastily piling up a barricade at the farther end of the village; and some hard at work with mattresses and sand-bags strengthening the upper rooms of those houses that looked toward Melazzo. A strange medley of languages met the ear in every direction. Here stood a knot of Hungarians, there a group of French, a little farther on a company of raw German recruits undergoing a very necessary course of drill. All was life, movement, expectation. The little hamlet rang with the tramp of men and the rattle of arms, and the very air seemed astir with the promise of war.

Arrived in the midst of this busy scene the friends came to a halt and consulted as to what they should do next. At the same moment a couple of officers in the English military undress came by laden with provisions. They carried between them a huge stone bottle in a wicker coat with handles—one of those ill-formed, plethoric, modern amphoræ, holding about six gallons, in which the Italian wine-seller delights to store his thin vintages of Trani and Scylla—and besides this divided burden, one was laden with black bread and the other with a couple of live hens tied up in a pocket-handkerchief.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the owner of the hens, "Castletowers and Trefalden!"

It was Major Vaughan.

They shook hands cordially, and he invited them to accompany him to his quarters.

"I am capitally lodged," he said, "at the top of a house down yonder. We have been foraging, you see, and can give you a splendid supper. You can pluck a fowl, I suppose, upon occasion?"

"I will do my best," laughed the Earl; "but I fear your poultry is no longer in the bloom of youth."

"If for ten days you had eaten nothing but green figs, with an occasional scrap of black bread or sea-biscuit, you would be superior to all such prejudices," replied the dragoon. "Now it is my opinion that age can not wither the oldest hen that ever laid an egg. Do you see that man on the roof of yonder high house behind the vineyard? That is Garibaldi. He has been up there all day surveying the ground. We shall have some real work to do to-morrow."

"Then you think there will be a battle to-morrow!" said Saxon, eagerly.

"No doubt of it—and Bosco is about the only good general the Neapolitans have. He is a thorough soldier, and his troops are all picked men, well up to fighting."

"If you command a corps I hope you will take us in," said the Earl.

"I do not command a corps—I am on the staff; that is to say, I do any thing that is useful, and am not particular. This morning I was a drill-sergeant—yesterday, when Bosco tried to dislodge our outposts at Corriola, I took a turn at the guns. To-morrow, perhaps, if we get in among that confounded cane-brake down yonder, I may take an axe and do a little pioneering. We are soldiers of all-work here, as you will soon find out for yourselves."

"At all events you must give us something to do."

The dragoon shrugged his shoulders. "You will find plenty to do," said he, "when the time comes. It is too late now to enroll you in any special regiment for to-morrow's work. But we will talk of this after supper. In the mean while here are my quarters."

So they followed him, and helped not only to pluck but to cook the hens, and afterward to eat them, though the last was, perhaps, the most difficult task of the three; and after supper, having seen General Cosenz inspect a thousand of the troops, they went round with Vaughan and visited the outposts. When at length they got back to Meri it was past ten o'clock, and the same glorious moon that had lighted them on their way the night before shone down alike upon castle and sea, vineyard and village, friend and foe, wakeful patrol and sleeping soldier.

CHAPTER LXII.

HOW THE BATTLE BEGAN AT MELAZZO.

THE bugle sounded before dawn, and in the first gray of the morning Meri was alive with soldiers. There had been no absolute stillness, as of universal rest, all the night through; but now there was a great wakefulness about the place—a strange kind of subdued tumult that had in it something very solemn and exciting.

By five the whole Garibaldian body was under arms. The village street, the space about the fountain, the open slopes between the houses and the torrent of Santa Lucia, and part of the main road beyond, were literally packed with men. Of these the Cacciatori, bronzed with old campaigns and wearing each his glossy plume of cocks' feathers, looked the most soldierly. For the rest of the troops the scarlet shirt was their only bond of uniformity, and but for the resolute way in which they handled their arms, and the steady composure of their faces, many a well-trained soldier might have been disposed to smile at their incongruous appearance. There was that about the men, however, at which neither friend nor foe could afford to make merry.

"How many do you number altogether?" asked Saxon, as they passed along the lines to the little piazza, Major Vaughan leading his horse and the two others following.

"Taken en masse, Cacciatori, Tuscan, Piedmontese, and foreign volunteers, about four thousand four hundred fighting men."

"No more?"

"Oh yes, about two thousand more," replied the dragoon, "if you count the Sicilian squadri—but they are only shouting men. Look—here comes Garibaldi!"

A prolonged murmur that swelled into a cheer ran from line to line as the Dictator rode slowly into the piazza with his staff. He was smoking a little paper cigarette, and looking exactly like his portraits, placid, good-humored, and weather-beaten, with his gold chain festooned across the breast of his red shirt, and a black silk handkerchief knotted loosely round his neck.

"That is Medici at his right hand," said Vaughan, springing into the saddle, "and the one now speaking to him is Colonel Dunn. Now the best thing you two fellows can do will be to keep with the main body, and as near the staff as you can. You will then see whatever is best worth seeing, and have the chance of using your rifles as well. By Jove! Malenchini has his orders, and is moving off already."

As he spoke the words the Tuscan general marched by at the head of his battalion, taking the westward road toward Santa Marina, where the Neapolitans had an outpost by the sea.

"One word more," said the dragoon, hurriedly. "If I fall I should wish Miss Colonna to have Gulnare. She always liked the little Arab, and would be kind to her. Will either of you remember that for me?"

"Both—both!" replied Saxon and the Earl in one breath.

"Thanks—and now fare you well. I don't suppose we shall find ourselves within speaking-distance again for the next five hours."

With this he waved his hand, dashed across the piazza, and fell in with the rest of the staff. At the same moment General Cosenz, having orders to conduct the attack upon the Neapolitan left at Archi, rode off to take the command of his veterans; while Fabrizi and his Sicilians—a mere boyish impulsive rabble, of whom no leader could predict half an hour beforehand whether they would fight like demons or run away like children—bore off to the extreme right, to intercept any Neapolitan reinforcements that might be advancing from Messina. Finally, when right and left were both en route, the main columns under Medici were set in motion, and began defiling in excellent order along the St. Pietro road, leaving Colonel Dunn's regiment to form the reserve.

Following Vaughan's advice, the two young men shouldered their rifles and marched with the centre. It was now about six o'clock. The sun was already gaining power; but a fresh wind was blowing from the sea, and the vines on either side of the road were bright with dew. As they passed over the little bridge beyond the village, and looked down upon the flats below, they could see Malenchini's division winding along to the left, and Cosenz's men rapidly disappearing to the right. Then their own road sloped suddenly downward, and they saw only a continuous stream of scarlet shirts and gleaming rifles. On it rolled to the measured, heavy, hundredfold tramp of resolute feet, never ceasing, never pausing, with only the waving cane-brake on either side, and the blue sky overhead.

In the mean while the enemy's forces were known to be drawn up in a great semicircle about half-way between Meri and Melazzo, reaching as far as Archi to the right, and down to the sea-shore beyond Marina to the left. But not a man was visible. Completely hidden by the cane-brake and the vines, favored by the flatness of the ground, prepared to fall back upon the town if necessary, and, if driven from the town, to take refuge in the castle, they occupied a position little short of impregnable.

Presently, as the Garibaldians descended further and further into the plain, a distant volley was heard in the direction of Santa Marina, and they knew that Malenchini's men had come up with the extreme right of the Neapolitan semicircle. An eager murmur ran along the ranks, and a mounted officer came riding down the line.

"Silenzio!" said he. "Silenzio!"

It was young Beni. Seeing Saxon and Castletowers marching as outsiders he smiled and nodded, then rose in his stirrups, and reconnoitred ahead.

In the same instant the sharp report of a rifle rang through the canes, and a ball whizzed by. Beni laughed and held up his hat, which was pierced in two places

"Well aimed, first shot!" said he, and rode back again.

And now the plantations on either side of the road seemed all at once to swarm with invisible foes. Ball after ball whistled through the canes, gap after gap opened suddenly in the forward ranks. Those in the rear flung themselves by hundreds into the vineyards, firing almost at random, and guided only by the smoke of their enemies' rifles; but the front poured steadily on.

Every moment the balls flew thicker and the men fell faster. A German to whom Saxon had been speaking but the instant before, went down, stone-dead, close against his feet, and Saxon heard the cruel "thud" of the ball as it crashed into his brain. Medici's horse dropped under him; Beni came dashing past again, with a bloody handkerchief bound round his arm; Garibaldi and his officers pressed closer to the front—and still not a single Neapolitan had yet been seen.

Suddenly the whole mass of the centre, quickening its pace in obedience to the word of command, advanced at a run, firing right and left into the cane-brake, and making straight for a point whence the balls had seemed to come thickest. Then came a terrific flash about twenty paces ahead—a rush of smoke—a roar that shook the very earth. The men fell back in confusion. They had been running in the very teeth of a masked battery!

As the smoke cleared the ground was seen to be literally plowed up with grape-shot and strewn with dead and dying.

Castletowers flung down his rifle, rushed in among the wounded, and dragged first one, then another, into the shelter of the cane-brake.

Saxon clambered into an olive-tree beside the road, and, heedless of the balls that came peppering round him, began coolly picking off the Neapolitan gunners.

In the mean while Medici's columns had recoiled upon those behind, and the whole mass was thrown into disorder. To add to the confusion, a cry went up that Garibaldi was wounded.

At this critical moment, while the road was yet blocked with men, Major Vaughan came galloping round by the front. Dispatched with orders to the rear, and unable to force his way through, he had chosen this perilous alternative. Dashing across the open space between the battery and the Garibaldians, he at once became the target of a dozen invisible rifles, was seen to reel in his saddle, sway over, and fall within a foot or two of Saxon's olive-tree.

In less than a second the young fellow had leaped down, lifted the dragoon in his strong arms, carried him out of the road, and placed him with his back against the tree.

"Are you much hurt?" he asked, eagerly.

Vaughan bent his head feebly.

"Take my horse," he said, speaking in broken gasps, and keeping his hand pressed close against his side. "Ride round to the rear—bid Dunn bring up the reserve—and charge the battery—in flank."

"I will; but can you bear to be carried a few yards further?"

"Tell him there's a wall—to the left of the guns—under cover of which—he can bring up—his men."

"Yes, yes; but, first of all—"

"Confound you!—go at once—or the day—is lost!"

Saying which he leaned forward, pointed impatiently to the horse, and fell over on his face.

Saxon just lifted him, looked at the white face, laid the head gently back, sprang into Gulnare's empty saddle, and rode off at full speed. As he did so he saw that Medici's men had formed again, that Garibaldi was himself cheering them on to the attack, and that Castletowers had fallen in with the advancing columns.

To rush to the rear, deliver his orders, dismount, and tie up the Arab in a place of safety, was the work of only a few moments. He then returned with Dunn's regiment, threading his way through the vines like the rest, and approaching the battery under cover of a wall and ditch away to the left, as Vaughan had directed.

Coming up to the battery they found a sharp struggle already begun—the Neapolitans defending their guns at the point of the bayonet—Medici's men swarming gallantly over the earthworks, and Garibaldi, sword in hand, in the midst of the fray.

The word was given; the reserve charged at a run; and Saxon found himself the next moment inside the battery, driven up against a gun-carriage, and engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with two Neapolitan gunners, both of whom he shot dead with his revolver.

"Drag off the guns!" shouted Colonel Dunn.

The men flung themselves upon the pieces, surrounded, seized, and put them instantly in motion; the Neapolitans fell back, opened out to right and left, and made way for their cavalry.

Then Saxon heard a coming thunder of hoofs; saw a sudden vision of men and horses and uplifted sabres; was conscious of firing his last cartridge in the face of a dragoon who seemed to be bending over him in the act to strike—and after that remembered nothing more.

A TREE OF ALL-WORK.

If trees took rank according to their usefulness, the bamboo might fairly claim the crown of the vegetable kingdom. Tried by the test of utility to man, there is no plant the earth produces worthy to enter into competition with it. The Chinese say, and truly say, the bamboo is all profit. Seasoned with chillies, its tender young shoots make a favorite sambal of the Malay; sliced and boiled, they are served at the tables of the wealthiest Japanese; and when salted, dried, and prepared in vinegar, they make a pickle ever welcome to the Siamese gourmand. As the plant grows older, a fluid is secreted in its hollow joints which affords a refreshing beverage, and if it is allowed to remain untapped, the valuable medicine tabischeer—said to resist alike fire and acids—is produced. The leaves of the bamboo are reckoned a sovereign remedy for sore throat, as the bark is all-powerful against fever, and other useful medicaments are obtained from the buds and the roots. Entire houses are constructed out of the bamboo, the stouter parts of the tree supplying ready turned pillars, while the slenderer joints are combined together to form the walls. Split into laths and beaten out, it makes an excellent flooring; and for the roof, the canes are arranged side by side across the building, with their concave sides uppermost to catch the rain; the edges of these are covered with another row with the convex side outward, and thus the roof is rendered perfectly water-tight. Should the householder be lucky enough to own the land surrounding his domicile, a bamboo palisado forms his best protection against intruders, whether quadruped or biped. Does he want to bring the waters of the neighboring river into his service for domestic purposes—in the hollow stems of the bamboo he has pipes ready to his hand; pipes easily converted into gutters and spouts to get rid of the water he does not want. Then inside this bamboo house will be found chairs to sit upon, benches to recline upon, mattresses to lie upon, pillows to rest the head upon, and mats to put the feet upon, all and each of the same material as the tube through which their owner inhales the fragrant weed at home, and the cane he leans upon, as he takes his walks abroad, with a bamboo basket on his arm, a bamboo hat upon his head, and possibly bamboo splints at his finger-ends to protect his long uncut nails.

John Chinaman would be an ungrateful rascal if he did not love and admire his tree of all-work; but he has good reason also to look upon it with awe and trembling. The bamboo is the be-all and end-all of the Chinese code of justice, and as such may fairly be said to rule the most populous country in the world. Chinese law recognizes two degrees of punishment: in the first and least severe the number of blows inflicted on an offender varies from four to twenty, that being considered discipline sufficient to make a transgressor entertain a sense of shame for his past behavior, and render him cautious as to his future conduct. The second class of punishments applies to offenses of a serious nature, and the law allows as many as a hundred blows to be awarded, but in practice forty is the limit. Two different instruments are used, one being a bamboo five feet eight inches long, two inches and three-quarters broad, weighing nearly three pounds; the other is of smaller dimensions, falling short of two pounds in weight. Women are not exempt from the bamboo discipline, but, by a stretch of gallantry, are permitted to wear a single upper garment during the infliction of the punishment.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Interesting Phase of Insanity.—"Carry, dear, will you please lend me your revolver? I fear George will not be true to his promise to-night." "Why, Emma! I'm so sorry! I've just lent my revolver to Mary, as she has found a beau with ever so much more money than Alfred; but, dear, I can let you have my ivory-handled stiletto with much pleasure."

Insanity stalks abroad in strange and curious forms now-adays. Crime of deepest dye is excused on the plea of "insanity," because "nobody who was sane *could* have done so!" A New England son slaughters his mother and sisters in cold blood, and from his supreme indifference to the matter is called *insane*. A father, somewhere in England, kills his wife, and smothers his three children, and instantly the query is raised, "Is he not insane?" Constance Kent steals, cat-like, down stairs, in the depth of night, and cuts the throat of her little brother, and during subsequent trial and imprisonment the tenderest regard is paid to her comfort and convenience, because "she must be *insane!*"

In this connection we are happy to announce that Miss Harris, who shot her lover during a period of mental aberration, is so far convalescent as to be able to carry on a brisk millinery business in Richmond at the present time.

A curious divorce case has recently attracted attention. The facts briefly are these:

Gabriella lives unhappily with her husband—he does not care much for her, and wants to separate from her. She believes the desire to originate in a kind of monomania on the subject, and resolves to cure him by obtaining fictitious papers of divorce, and thus "to fool him by taking such steps as would induce him to believe a real divorce was intended." She does so under legal advice. The husband acquiesces, and they separate. But presently Gabriella is shocked to learn that her husband (?) has married another wife. She rushes to her lawyer, and is assured that a *bona fide* decree of divorce had been entered, contrary to her wishes and expectations. So she appeals to the court to set aside the divorce, on the ground that it was fraudulently obtained through a cunning trick of her husband and the lawyer. Of course there is another side to the story, but this is the romantic one.

Details of the Harris divorce case are flooding some of our journals. It is, apparently, the old story in the main. The husband is cold, stern, and undemonstrative; jealous and severe, not to say cruel. The wife is warm-hearted, impulsive, and imprudent. She wants love and sympathy, and not finding it in her husband seeks it elsewhere—unwisely, no doubt, but whether with actual guilt does not yet appear. The domestic unhappiness which the case reveals sickens the heart. Perhaps nothing in the entire proceedings is more sad than the placing of a little girl of thirteen on the stand to testify against her parents. Her simple reply to a question intended to elicit the state of her feelings toward them—"I love them both," is touching in the extreme. With what sad memories will these days crowd her youthful life!

A terrible drought has been prevailing in Maine, and to some extent throughout all New England. The cry is now for "water, water every where, and not a drop to drink." Never before have the people had so much occasion to appreciate the value of water as this season. Even old topers complain!

Edwin Booth was recently married to a daughter of Mr. Jules Howel, of Philadelphia.

Our gay shop-windows are quite irresistible. Every thing that heart can wish or mind conceive, apparently, is there arranged in most seductive style. The ladies see, admire, and desire; and usually yield to the fatal snare and enter those portals, from which they can scarcely escape except *purse-empty*. Our city ladies are often accused of being very inconsiderate in their shopping expeditions. They want to buy *something*, but what that something *is*, is often vaguely defined in their minds. So they ask for this article and that, until the counter is covered, when they depart with, "I will look a little further"—if, indeed, they are gracious enough to say any thing—leaving the vexed clerk to refold his tumbled goods. We have known ladies who make a practice of visiting *all* the principal dry-goods' shops in Broadway before purchasing a *single* dress. No wonder that clerks are annoyed.

But there are two sides to this picture, as the following veritable incident will show:

Not long since a couple of ladies, who were *not* in the habit of shopping for "fun," who knew what they wanted and had decided to get it, saw the dress material they desired displayed in a window of one of our large Broadway shops. (We forbear to mention names, since we believe that the proprietor of said establishment is a gentleman, and would not knowingly retain any but gentlemen in his employ.) They entered the shop, made their way to the proper counter, and asked for the goods.

Clerk (*bruskly, waving his hand toward the counter*). "Here they are."

Ladies (*after examining the silks*). "These are of the quality, but not the color or pattern we wish. Will you show us some brown and purple, like what is in the window?"

Clerk (*unfolding the goods on the counter*). "These are just the same—just the same thing."

Lady No. 1. "Oh no, they are altogether different in color."

Clerk. "Well, they are just as good."

Lady. "That may be, but every one has preferences. Will you be kind enough to show me what is in the window?"

Clerk. "Those were all sold long ago."

Lady. "Sold, and yet exhibited?"

Clerk (*shortly*). "Yes, sold."

The ladies stood irresolute—they were suited with the silks in the window, and really wanted to purchase. They consulted with each other, the clerk meanwhile paying no attention to them. Suddenly, turning to the shelves, he took down a piece of silk, saying,

"*This* has just come in."

Lady No. 2 (*examining it*). "This is just what I want. I would like a dress pattern. And you (*to her companion*) want the same thing in brown."

Lady No. 1 (*to the clerk*). "Will you not let me have a dress of this style in brown? there is a plenty of it in the window."

Clerk (*impatiently*). "Those goods have been sold over and over again!"

Lady (*humorously*). "Indeed! then I will buy again, if they can be sold so many times!"

Clerk. "We *never* take goods out of the windows for any body. It is a day's work to put them back again."

The ladies, thus baffled, purchased the goods that suited them, though tempted to leave the shop instantly. Besides the discourtesy shown them, the clerk's statement bore the impress of falsehood on the very face of it. On their way out they inquired of another clerk, and learned that the goods in the window were *not* sold, and that it was a common thing to take goods from the window at request; and they were referred to the proprietor for attention. They did not choose to make trouble, however, and were leaving, when the faulty clerk, discerning from his distant post that some inquiry was being made, came hastily toward the door, and addressing the ladies insolently, said,

"So you are trying to get me into trouble with the firm? I guess I know my own business. *I* am the head of the silk department."

The ladies vouchsafed no reply.

Clerk (*turning toward the window*). "Now what was it you wanted?"

Lady (*with hauteur*). "It is of no consequence, Sir."

"I guess it isn't," muttered the man, as the ladies escaped from the shop, into which, you may be sure, they will not soon again set foot. Suffice it to say, that they turned aside into the unfashionable precincts of the Bowery, and obtained just what they wanted, with the agreeable addition of a civil attendant.

A few items in regard to Paris fashions will be of practical interest to the ladies:

Several leading dress-makers have quite decided on an attempt to shorten the dresses this winter; those destined for promenades they intend to make with skirts which will barely touch the ground. The success of their endeavor will prove whether there are any reasonable women among the leaders of fashion. The large square veils which were fashionable five-and-twenty years ago will definitely be worn this winter, and in anticipation of this event lace manufacturers are preparing black lace veils in this resuscitated style. The mask-veil, which has been popular for so long, is at length to give way to the long, flowing veil of the past. Among other costly items which are daily added to Eugénie's wardrobe are the most exquisite embroidered silk and cashmere petticoats. The white cambric petticoats are now quite abandoned during the day; even the Empress is never to be seen in one; her Majesty wears a variety of silk petticoats, but blue and white appears to be her favorite mixture.

Our journals are filled with the doings of the Fenians. We extract the following from the constitution of

THE FENIAN SISTERHOOD.

1. The Fenian Sisterhood is an organized body of ladies, whose object is the attainment of an Irish government for Ireland.

2. Ladies, Irish by birth or descent, are admitted as members of this organization.

3. Each member must be regular in her attendance at meetings, and obedient to the regulations.

4. Each accepted candidate will take the following pledge, viz.: I solemnly pledge my sacred word of honor that I become a member of this organization actuated by patriotic and honest motives; that I will faithfully fulfill my duties of membership; that I will foster and extend feelings of intense and intelligent love of country among Irish men and women.

The remaining by-laws have reference to the various meetings which shall be held, and the general manner of conducting the business pertaining to them.

Queen Victoria's visit to Scotland, by special train and all the special arrangements, cost £1500 for the single journey. Her Majesty's traveling expenses to and from Scotland this year will amount to £6000. When the Queen travels by land her Majesty pays her own charges; when by sea, the expenses are paid by the country through the Admiralty department.

A Paris paper tells the following good story:

A newly-made doctor, practicing in the environs of Paris, was called in by a small shop-keeper to see her child, suffering from a sudden illness. He gave a prescription, went away, and called again two days after. The woman met him on the threshold, wringing her hands, with her face bathed in tears. "How is your child?" "Dead," was the agonized answer. "Dead! what with?" "The measles," gasped the weeping mother. "Measles!" thundered the doctor; "wretched woman, you have killed your child. If you had only told me that it was the measles I could have prescribed for it directly."

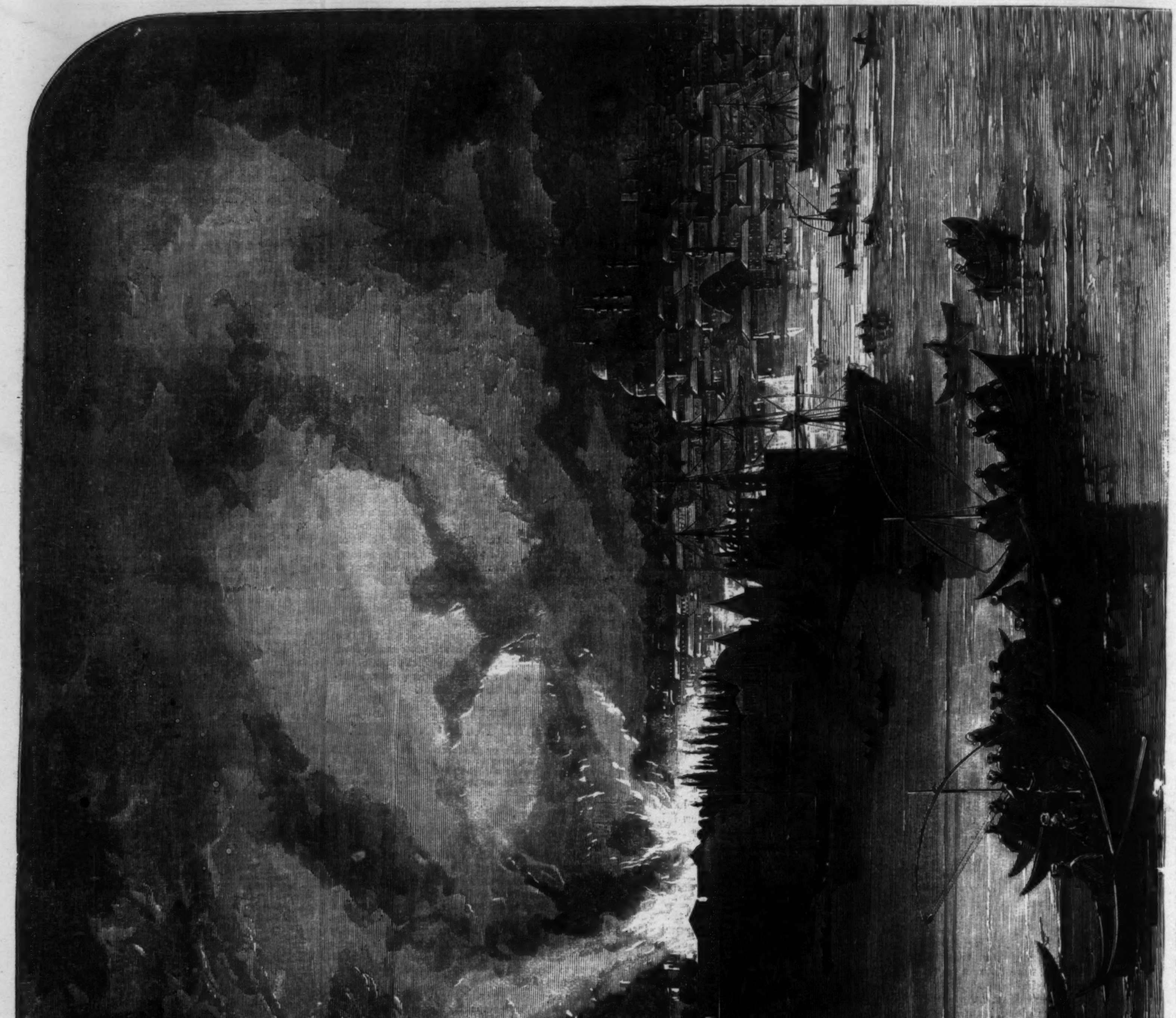
Charles Dickens is in the habit of walking ten or twelve miles every day before dinner. This, no doubt, is the secret of his bodily health and freshness of spirit. But while pursuing his English habit under the almost tropical heat of Paris, in August, he received a sun-stroke. For some hours he was quite insensible, but speedily recovered.

During September the heat in Paris was extreme, as the following extract from a Paris letter shows:

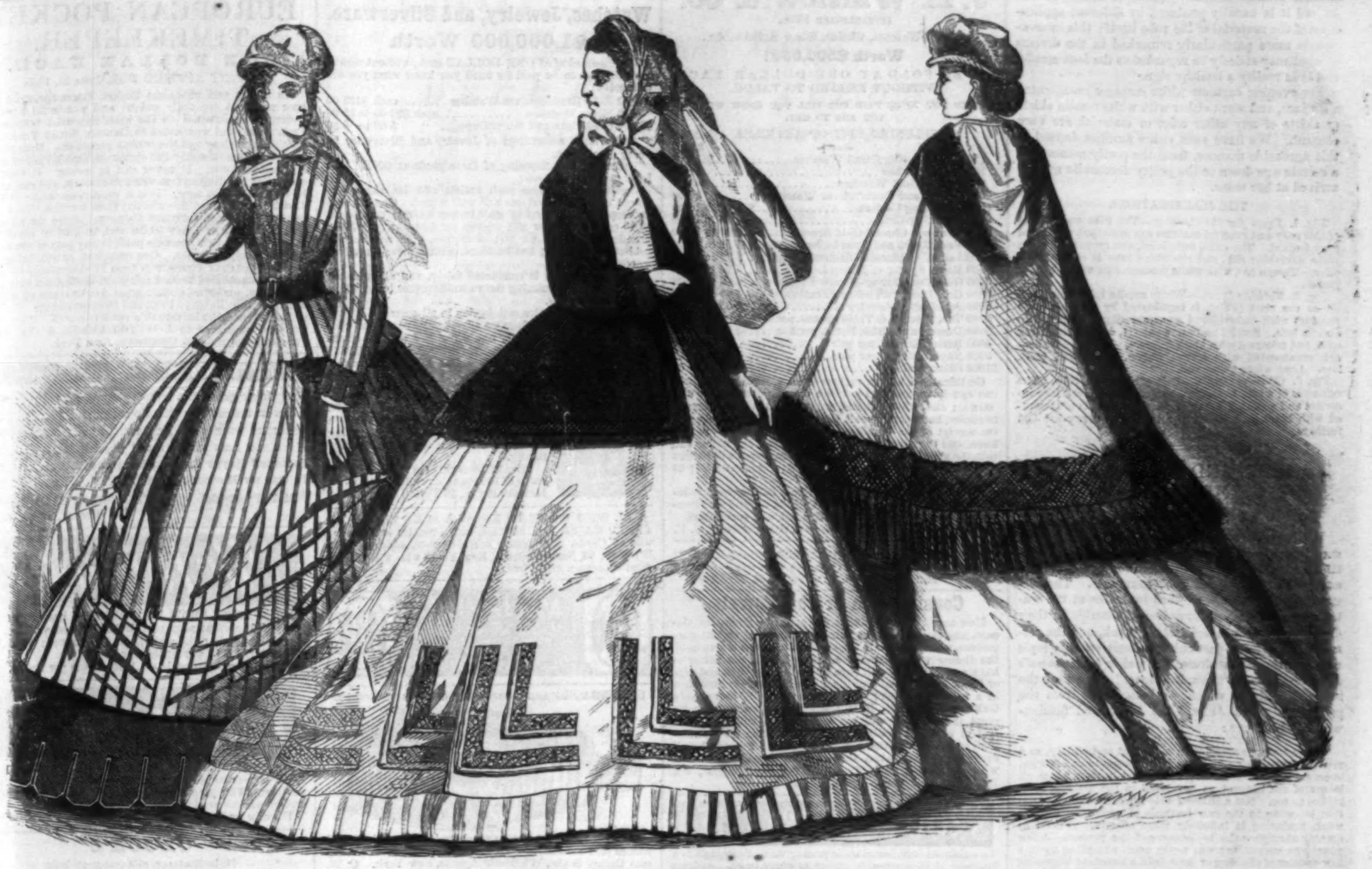
The heat during the last three days has been equal to any thing we have known this year. A burning sun has burned up the last traces of the green of the trees in the garden of the Tuileries; the cabmen go to sleep while driving; the nursery maids in the gardens nod with drowsiness as the children play about them; people sit outside the *cafés* and eat ices, as if we were in July; fruit abounds, and fish is impossible.

A capital story is told of the French novelist Alexandre Dumas:

At the Theatre Historique a rich tradesman—one of the shareholders of the theatre—solicited the honor of an introduction to him. On the favor being granted, he thus addressed Dumas: "You're a mulatto, are you not?" "Oh yes," said the novelist, wondering what was to come next. "Then your father was a negro?" "Of course he was," replied Dumas, winking at those present. "Then your grandfather—(hesitating)—your grandfather—" "Was an ape," interrupted Dumas. "Bah!" "There is no 'bah' in the matter," continued Dumas; "my family begins where yours ends." And he turned his back upon him amidst roars of laughter from the by-standers.



THE LATE GREAT FIRE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.—[See Page 678.]

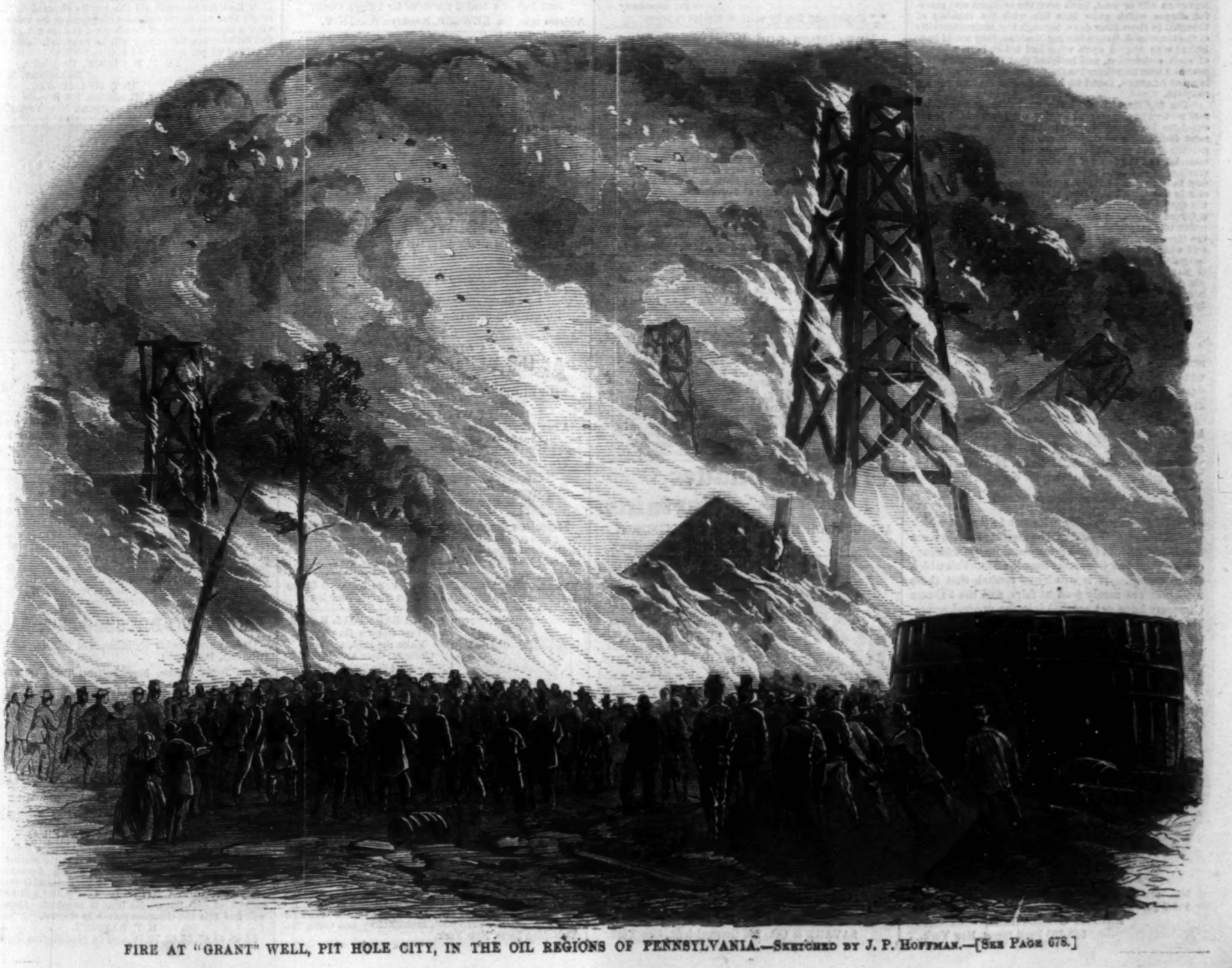


PARIS FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER, 1865.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

There is just now a dead calm in all that concerns the Parisian fashions and modes, and we have scarcely any thing new to communicate, unless it be the continued diminution in the size of the bonnets, which are reduced to the smallest possible semblance of the ordinary chapeau. We have certainly reached the extreme of littleness for bonnets, which must be particularly profitable to the French modistes, who, notwithstanding the constant diminution in the size of their products, have never thought of diminishing their prices; yet ten or fifteen dollars for a baby-bonnet must be considered rather dear. However, people who love to be *à la mode* are not generally too apt to regard the cost of their innocent passion. These observations, of course, apply only to the bonnet worn with the *toilette de ville*. For the country the round hat with feathers is more becoming in every respect, and may be worn by persons of all ages.

Ladies' dresses have undergone no change in their form since our last notice of the Paris fashions; but we have to signalize a decided decrease in the amount



FIRE AT "GRANT" WELL, PIT HOLE CITY, IN THE OIL REGIONS OF PENNSYLVANIA.—Sketched by J. P. Hoffman.—[See Page 678.]

of their ornamentation. Where ornament is still desired it is usually produced by different applications of the material of the robe itself; this innovation is more particularly remarked in the dresses of what may strictly be regarded as the *beau monde*, and is in reality a healthy sign.

For evening costume white corsages ornamented with lace, and worn either with white muslin skirts or skirts of any other color or material, are very elegant. We have seen entire families dressed in this agreeable manner, from the portly mamma of a certain age down to the pretty demoiselle not yet arrived at her teens.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Dress for the Country.*—The robe and paletot of this easy and graceful costume are in striped white and gray foulard. The cuffs, waistband, and cravat are all in plain dark-blue silk, and the under jupe is of the same color. Tuscan hat, with white feathers and veil. Yellow gloves.

Fig. 2. *Walking Dress.*—White muslin robe, ornamented on the skirt (which is terminated by a rather wide ruching) with embroidered grecques edged with valenciennes lace. Scarlet cashmere paletot, dotted with black spots and trimmed with black guipure. White crape bonnet, ornamented with scarlet ribbon, velvet, and black lace. Long white gauze veil.

Fig. 3. *Carriage Dress.*—Pale pink moire robe. The camail is of white cashmere, bordered with black lace insertion and a deep Thibet fringe. The hood is ornamented with black insertion without fringe. Straw-hat and feathers.

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL EMBROIDERY.

[*From the Home Journal.*]

WE have often remarked the taste which is constantly growing for fanciful needlework and beautiful embroidery on articles both for household use and for ladies' and children's garments. The elegant morning-wrappers worn by ladies at the watering-places this year have been noticeable for their display of elaborate and tasteful work, and the correspondents have particularly dwelt on this topic when writing about dress. A writer in *Demorest's Magazine* tells us "how it is done." We copy the interesting items, which, we believe, are from the pen of "JENNIE JUNE," the celebrated fashion-writer. She says:

> "The growing appreciation of elegant embroidery, as a means of beautifying and enriching garments and fabrics, is an evidence of increasing refinement in taste which all lovers of the natural, as developed in the artistic, must rejoice to see. Not a little of this interest and appreciation is owing to the new methods of accomplishing the work, rendering it infinitely more effective, as well as greatly abridging the tediousness of the process. A few years ago embroidery was never seen, excepting upon a few articles of clothing or household adornment belonging to the wealthy. Ladies could not even afford to hire it done, so costly was it, on account of the length of time consumed in its production. What their own industry and skill could not achieve in the art of ornamental needle-work they were obliged to do without; but so highly prized were the comparatively crude results of the fair and dainty fingers, that the most valued gift a lady could bestow on her lover was a scarf embroidered with her own hands. Could the bright eyes that grew dim during the months, and even years, that were frequently occupied in weaving solemnly-grotesque roses and most alarming leaves on silk or wool, have seen the brilliant and graceful shapes which grow into life with the rapidity of thought, in these later days, through the instrumentality of the GROVER & BAKER Sewing Machine, they would have looked with disgust upon what had before been a source of such satisfaction, and believed that the magic of the past had been transferred to the future, and, instead of the lamp of ALADDIN, found its home in the modern sewing machine.
>
> "The facility with which the most difficult and elaborate patterns are executed by this machine, added to the exquisite beauty of the workmanship, has made it the most fashionable of decorations, not only for children's garments and morning-wrappers, but for dresses of rich material, and the finest of carriage and opera cloaks. The carriage-rug of the PRINCESS OF WALES, displayed every day in her rides in Hyde Park, is embroidered in white silk in the GROVER & BAKER stitch, which, according to the *Queen* and other English fashion journals, is exciting a *furore* abroad. A great advantage in embroidery is the union of strength and elasticity, for which the sewing of the GROVER & BAKER machine has always been famous, and which renders it smooth, even, and perfect, without irregularity or liability to rip. Altogether, the GROVER & BAKER embroidery promises to take a distinguished place in ornamental workmanship abroad as well as at home, and must greatly add to the esteem in which this favorite machine has always been held."

DO NOT WASTE YOUR MONEY buying any of the numerous worthless articles called GOLD PENS, which have flooded the market for the last few years, when at lower prices you can get pens which are acknowledged to be the BEST IN THE WORLD.

Avoid the shameless Upstarts, whose lack of brains compels them to attempt IMITATION, *even to the advertisement.* If you want the full value of your money, call on A. MORTON, 25 Maiden Lane, New York, or inclose stamp for circular.

FIRST PREMIUM.—By reference to the list which we publish elsewhere it will be seen that the SINGER Sewing Machines (both family and manufacturing) carry off the first premiums from the State Fair which closes to-day. It is worthy of remark that these machines are rarely seen at fairs, and the SINGER Company have not entered into the general scramble for premiums which has characterized the past few years. The agent in this city saw fit, however, to come out on this occasion in force; and, notwithstanding the competition was sharp—the WHEELER & WILSON, GROVER & BAKER, &c., &c., joining in the contest—it was plain to be seen, when the practical tests were applied, that the "plumes" must be handed over to the SINGER machines.—*Utica Daily Observer.*

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8000	Magic Spring and Snap Lockets	4 00 to 10 00
10000	Gold Pens, Silver-Mounted Holders	4 00 to 5 00
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5900	Tea, Dessert, & Table Spoons, per doz.	12 00 to 24 00
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Agents wanted every where. Great inducements to ladies and gents to act as such. Fail not to send for circular, which gives special terms, full list, and particulars.

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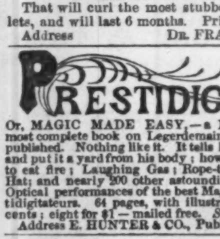

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100	Gold Hunting-Case Watches	each $125 00
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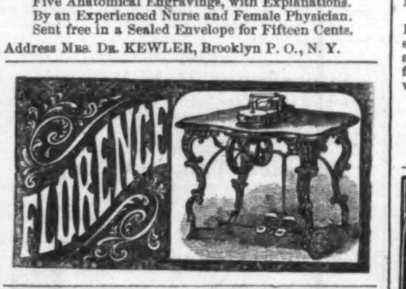

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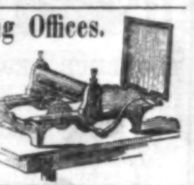

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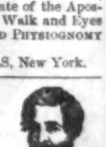

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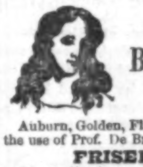

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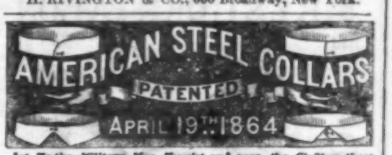

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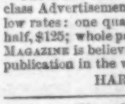

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